

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## EPIDEMIC CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

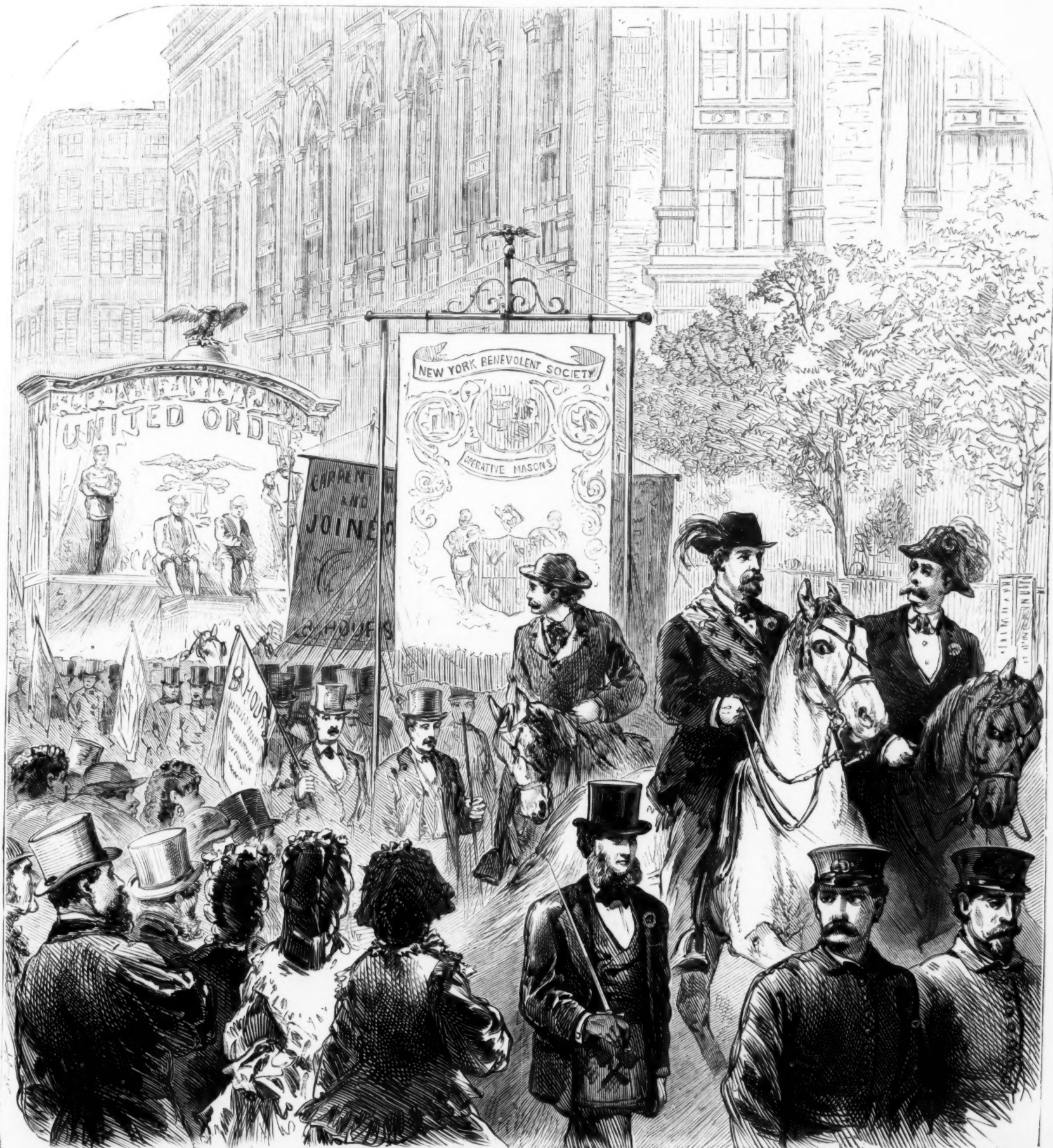
Some keen observer of human nature once remarked that November is the month in which Englishmen usually hang themselves, and the saying has become almost proverbial.

This fact, which is no doubt founded upon statistics, suggests a much wider field of inquiry. That gloomy weather and a foggy atmosphere are conducive to suicide may be readily conceded, and may account satisfactorily for English suicides in November; but there are other singular facts connected with

the same subject suggestive of questions that are not so easily answered.

Some years since a notorious criminal committed suicide in the city prison by taking thirty grains of morphine. Within the next few weeks the journals teemed with accounts of suicides in different parts of the country—

most of them by persons who had no apparent motive for the act, but all of them using the same poison in a similar quantity; and for a short time morphine was the popular means of terminating existence. More recently it has been observed that Paris-green became the favorite, especially among women,



NEW YORK CITY.—GREAT EIGHT-HOUR LABOR DEMONSTRATION.—THE PROCESSION OF WORKINGMEN AS IT APPEARED ON PASSING THE COOPER INSTITUTE.—SEE PAGE 37.



which may be accounted for by its easy procurement as an article of general and domestic use. Careful investigation may perhaps prove that each of these numerous cases is to be judged upon its own merits as to a controlling cause; but the apparent facts would seem to indicate that a few of them at least were the result either of some irresistible spirit of imitation, or the influence of a contagious or epidemic character.

We carry the idea still further, and suggest that recent observations tend to prove a similar contagious or epidemic influence extending not only to other crimes than suicide, but also to the different classes of casualties.

Has not the reader observed that there are periods when crimes, of which violence is the chief feature, follow one another in quick succession; at others, forgery or embezzlement by bank officers is the fashionable felony, and that a particular weapon, or a particular mode of committing crime—each having for a time its run of popularity? It will be remembered that the Foster car-hook homicide was followed almost immediately by several instances of assaults committed on the city railroad cars, one at least terminating fatally. In one day within the last week three heavy defalcations by United States officials were reported. If further proof were wanting to sustain our proposition, is it not to be found in the more recent daily papers? Before the excitement caused by the "trunk tragedy" had abated, ere the inquest upon the victim had been concluded, two other cases almost identical in horror, and with the like result, were announced to the public, and abortion to-day holds the most prominent position in the catalogue of crime.

Is not the same principle visible in the frightful catastrophes, such as railroad collisions, boiler explosions and mining disasters, which so frequently appall the community? Is not the phrase, "a chapter of accidents," often literally fulfilled? Even since the terrible affair of the Westfield, no less than three very similar accidents have been chronicled; and it is within the recollection of any attentive reader of the daily Press that railroad crashes and mine explosions have followed each other so closely as to provoke very general remark upon the singularity of the coincidence.

Space forbids our multiplying illustrations. These remarks are purely suggestive, and are made with a twofold object. The first is to direct the attention of wiser heads to the inquiry whether there is any general law upon the subject by which these matters can be predicted with anything like the accuracy pertaining to storms anticipated by the Signal Service Department, to the end that the public may prepare for danger, and avoid it; the second is to urge upon every individual the absolute necessity of the most stringent laws and regulations, by which the evils referred to may be most effectually prevented, and the safety of the public guaranteed against the result of deliberate crime and almost equally criminal carelessness.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871.

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## "THE ONE-TERM PRINCIPLE."

THE Cincinnati and the Washington are scarce. Princes like Charles the Fifth are rare. Few men having wielded power care to surrender it. Almost every President of the United States has devoted the better part of his term of office to schemes, intrigues, and efforts to secure a re-election. General Grant is at it already. And yet, we are assured by Mr. George Wilkes, who published the result of his interview at the time, that in May, 1868, pending the meeting of the Republican National Convention, General Grant, "of his own accord, introduced the subject of the single Presidential term, and not only declared himself in favor of it, but expressed the opinion that the passage of a Constitutional Amendment effecting that reform is absolutely necessary to the preservation of our liberties."

General Jackson started out with a similar announcement, and in several of his earlier messages recommended that the "One-term

Principle" should be embodied in a Constitutional Amendment—an amendment (using his own words) "which should limit the service of the Chief Magistrate to a term of four or six years."

In his second Message, he reiterated the recommendation, giving in its support many cogent reasons, none of which ever applied so well as they do to-day. He said:

"It was a leading object with the framers of the Constitution to keep as separate as possible the action of the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government. To secure this object, nothing is more essential than to preserve the former from the temptations of private interest; and, therefore, so to direct the patronage of the latter as not to permit such temptations to be offered. Experience abundantly demonstrates that every precaution in this respect is a valuable safeguard of liberty, and one which my reflections upon the tendencies of our system incline me to think should be made still stronger. It was for this reason that, in connection with an amendment of the Constitution removing all intermediate agency in the choice of the President, I recommended some restrictions upon the re-eligibility of that officer, and upon the tenure of officers generally. The reason still exists; and I renew the recommendation with an increased confidence that its adoption will strengthen those checks by which the Constitution designed to secure the independence of each Department of Government, and promote the healthful and equitable administration of all the trusts which it has created. The agent most likely to contravene this design of the Constitution is the Chief Magistrate. In order, particularly, that this appointment may, as far as possible, be placed beyond the reach of any improper influences; in order that he may approach the solemn responsibilities of the highest office in the gift of a free people uncommitted to any other course than the strict line of Constitutional duty; and that the securities for this independence may be rendered as strong as the nature of power and the weakness of its possessor will admit, I cannot too earnestly invite your attention to the propriety of promoting such amendment of the Constitution as will render him ineligible after one term of service."

A proposition was accordingly introduced in Congress, in 1830, in the form of a Constitutional Amendment, as follows:

"No person shall be hereafter eligible to the office of President of the United States who shall have been previously elected to the said office, and who shall have accepted the same or exercised the powers thereof."

This, it appears, did not receive the requisite two-thirds vote. A similar proposition was introduced in 1835, referred, but never acted on. Since that time, all Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and candidates for the Presidency, knowing the popular sentiment in its favor, have, without exception, declared for the "principle"; and among those who have reached the Presidency, directly or through an "afflictive dispensation of Providence," with the solitary exception of Mr. Polk, all have devoted the time and energies that belong to the people, prostituted patronage, and resorted to every art, debased themselves to every scheme of intrigue, not to say of fraud, to secure a re-election, or, at least, a re-nomination. General Grant is doing this now. He may succeed—but it will not be through the ardor of his party, but the folly of the Democracy.

If he succeeds, however, he will be the first man who has occupied the Executive chair a second time since the days of Jackson—leaving out of view the exceptional case of Lincoln.

We shall not be unhappy to add the names of Grant to that of Johnson, Pierce, Fillmore, Tyler, and Van Buren, in the list of those whose "ambition o'erleaped itself."

## AN EASY MONEY MARKET.

THERE are some points of resemblance between forecasts of the Weather Bureau in Washington and predictions as to future changes of the Money Market, which are not altogether unworthy of notice. Everybody likes to know on official authority how the weather is likely to be during the day, and to farming and maritime interests such foreknowledge must be of inestimable value. In like manner with our merchants, the money barometers must be consulted before new engagements are entered into, as on the value of money hinge the prices of all commodities.

The element of uncertainty, too, which, in spite of the most careful observations, will sometimes attach to weather predictions, is found also in the profoundest calculations as to the Money Market; but with this advantage on the part of the Meteorological Bureau, that, whereas it deals purely with physical science, and may, therefore, be expected to approach nearer and nearer to absolute certainty in proportion as its methods of observation improve, there is in mercantile calculations a moral element, of which the disturbing influence can neither be estimated nor foreseen. As we have lately seen, the approach of a cyclone to our coast has been accurately foretold, and its path and duration mapped out some days in advance; but who could have anticipated the French declaration of war on the 15th of July, last year, or, to come nearer home, the failure in the "corner" in Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, which made an entire change in the operations of the cliques in Wall Street?

Again, we know now with certainty, what before was only matter of conjecture, that the

wise saws of weather-prophets, with which everybody is familiar, were purely empirical; and, if correct, were so only because they were parts of certain phenomena, and conformed to certain great laws, of which the weather-wise were themselves ignorant, and of which, it must in fairness be said, scientific men have only lately mastered the first elements. And so, we doubt not, the perturbations of the Money Market will be found to arise frequently from causes far removed from the direct influence of Wall Street; and, in fact, that the ebb and flow there are the effect, and not the cause, of natural laws, which they follow, and do not control.

Money at two to three per cent. is a phenomenon which, before our Civil War, was not seen nor even dreamed of. It is unnecessary here to reiterate the thrice-told tale of the issue of paper money by the Government, and by banks under the supervision of the Government, enormously in excess of the volume of circulation previous to the war. Everybody feels the effect in the prices of articles in daily use—in what we eat, drink, wear—in commodities of convenience, necessity, or luxury, from the cradle to the grave. It was asserted, and with some plausibility, that in process of time this surplus circulation would be absorbed by the varied industries of the country, and that to the United States of 1880, or some future year, a circulation of seven hundred millions of dollars would only be equivalent to a circulation of four hundred thousand to the United States of 1866. To find out whether or not this process of absorption is actually going on, would demand an amount of research from which most persons would shrink in dismay. A large amount of foreign capital has for some years been flowing steadily toward this country, and invested in railroad bonds and other interest-yielding securities. How shall the amount of this be known? Yet, without this information, who will dare assert that American, and not foreign capital, is employed in the public works of our country?

Again, while some interests, such as those of iron, have enlarged their dimensions by our present system of Protection, those of shipbuilding and woolen manufacturing have decayed. Who shall gauge the mining and manufacturing interests of the United States, and be able to declare authoritatively that they have, on an average, sopped up any part of our redundant circulation?

From the mere fact of money only commanding two to three per cent. for its use, we should incline to the opinion that the absorption hoped for has not taken place; and, looking at the fact that the enormous amounts of new bonds of railroads, and other enterprises lately placed on the market, have been readily taken by the public, we cannot share the apprehensions of those who fear that a stringent money market must shortly follow the present ease. It cannot be denied, however, that the reasons assigned for a different conclusion are of some weight. It is pointed out that the bank loans are dangerously extended, and it is surmised that this is done in the interest of stock speculators in Wall Street. As this extension takes place at a time of the year when the ordinary commercial wants of the country, such as moving the crops from the interior to the seaboard, will cause a drain on the resources of the banks, we grant it is possible that some inconvenience may be caused by diverting money, now flowing in the channel of stock speculations, to the more legitimate one of the trade and commerce of the country. The effect even of this, though single individuals may be caught between the hammer and the anvil, can be only temporary, while a possible decline of an inflated stock market cannot injure the general prosperity. In the language of the meteorological board, "local disturbances are not taken into account."

## ARE THE NEGROES DYING OUT?

THE question of the alleged decrease, or relative decrease of the negro population of the United States, since the emancipation, must necessarily be one of figures and not of speculation. In May last a correspondent of the New York Tribune had an interview with Mr. Jefferson Davis, whose views on Southern matters, not intimately connected with politics, ought to be entitled to consideration. This correspondent reports:

"There was some talk about the present condition of the negroes, and he expressed the opinion, which appears to be generally entertained by thoughtful and observant Southern men, that the black race in the United States is diminishing in numbers and will ultimately disappear. He said that the negroes did not give proper care to their young children and to their sick, and now that the whites had no interest in caring for them, they were dying rapidly. He thought that ultimate extinction was the inevitable fate of the race. I asked if he thought there was any tendency among the negroes of the more northern of the former Slave States to emigrate to the Gulf States. He did not believe there was. A number of negroes had been brought into Mississippi from North Carolina and other States, by the agents of large planters, but the movement did not originate with the blacks. Those who would be benefited by emigration were too ignorant and too poor to move, and the more in-

telligent were doing well where they were, and had no object to leave their homes. Mr. Davis told of one of his former slaves, a man 'as black as the teeth of spades,' who had bought two plantations in Mississippi, one of Mr. Davis, and one of his brother, from which he had sold 2,100 bales of cotton last year. He wrote a good hand, kept accounts well, and had his agent in St. Louis, who did not suspect they were dealing with a black man. Such instances of business talent among the negroes Mr. Davis thought were very rare. As a rule they had shown no ability to accumulate property."

On the questions here mooted, the Census of 1870 has something to say authoritatively.

In what are or were called the "Rebel States," the ratio of increase for the last decade, from 1860 to 1870, on the aggregate population of white and black, was 8.71 per cent.

The whites increased at the rate of 8.89; the blacks, at the rate of 8.43 per cent.

In the Border States the whites increased, during the same period, at the rate of 30.17 per cent.; the blacks decreased at the rate of about 2 per cent. It may be presumed that this falling off was effected by the emigration southward of negroes from the "Border States," in numbers sufficiently large not only to neutralize but to exceed the natural increase. The greatest decrease was in Kentucky, where it amounted to 6 per cent.—leaving a labor vacuum which, if not filled by white labor, must seriously affect the productive resources of the State. In Delaware and Maryland only, there was an increase of blacks. In the District of Columbia the increase of whites, for the decade, was 45.27 per cent.; of the blacks, 203 per cent.

How does Mr. Davis's proposition accord with these facts?

## THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

THE grand Annual Fair of the American Institute—the only one that can be really regarded as National—opened on the 7th inst. with a prayer by Dr. Deems, a poem by Walt. Whitman, an address by Hon. E. G. Squier, and original music by Keating's band.

The poem was long, and if not "grand and gloomy," certainly "peculiar." It abounded in original and startle passages, which it would be doing injustice to the poet to quote apart from the context.

The feature of the occasion, however, was the announcement by Mr. Squier, on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Institute, of its future purposes. It is proposed to erect in Central Park, or in some other suitable locality, "an imposing edifice, which shall eclipse any industrial palace that has ever been built in any part of the world, whether as to the elegance of architectural design, the immensity of its proportions, or the beauty, utility and durability of the materials used in its construction." This is to be the Palace of Industry, devoted to a perpetual exhibition of American workmanship and ingenuity in the useful arts, and of excellence in the fine arts, with museums and collections and specimens, and with facilities for instruction, with library and lectures. Or, to quote Mr. Squier's somewhat fervid rhetoric, "It will rear a temple consecrated to Industry directed by Intelligence, and Labor guided by Learning. Its colossal proportions will reflect the mightiness of the great nation and the majesty of the great city of which it will be equally the pride and the ornament. To it the young apprentice will come to learn the mysteries of mechanics, and the statesman to learn the value of the industries and products which it is his duty to protect and encourage. To it also will come those men on whom devolves the higher duty of ennobling humanity, not by an eternal censure of its faults, but by pointing out how well it has comprehended the works of the Great Artificer, and emulated His grand mechanism. Let it rise! Let its crystal dome flash back the glories of the morning sun and its evening splendors. Let the weary foreigner, seeking on our soil the worth of that work denied to him at home, where war consumes his youth and taxation adds its weight to the burden of years—let him see, as he nears our shores, brighter than the lights of Neversink, the blaze of the Temple of Industry!"

## POETIC LICENSE.

THOSE who ever saw the defunct filibuster Walker, will remember that he was a small and rather slouchy man, with an inexpressive or impassive—we might almost say stolid—face; an eye remarkable chiefly for lack of fire or expression, leaden in color; and hair inclining to red, short and bristly rather than long and silken. His garb, in general, whether as "President of Nicaragua" or "Generissimo," was always of the plainest description. Among the few good things that may be said of him is, that he was unostentatious as brave. This is the Walker of history. He has filled a "bloody grave" for scarce ten years, yet he has already met a poetical apotheosis at the hands of Joaquin Miller, whose verses, like those of Bret Harte and John Hay, are having a momentary notoriety. Mr. Miller intimates that he was with "the Gray-eyed Man of Destiny" in



Nicaragua, and thus describes him—in doing which he takes a license with "poetic license" probably unsurpassed by anything of the kind since old Homer sung of that old cuckold and dotard, Agamemnon, pugnacious Achilles, and the rest of that rowdy lot that went "slashing" about Troy. Mr. Miller starts out by saying that Walker was a "brick," whatever that may be, and proceeds:

"Brave as Yuba's grizzlies are,  
Yet gentle as a panther is,  
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss;  
Tall, courtly, grand as any king,  
Yet simple as a child at play,  
In camp and court the same away,  
And never moved at anything.

"A piercing eye, a princely air,  
A presence like a cavalier,  
Half angel and half Lucifer;  
Fair fingers, jeweled manifold  
With great gems set in hoops of gold;  
Sombre black, with plume of snow  
That swept his long silk locks below;  
A red serape with bars of gold,  
Headless falling, fold on fold;  
A sash of silk, where flashing swung  
A sword as swift as serpent's tongue,  
In sheath of silver chased in gold;  
A face of blended pride and pain,  
Of mingled pleading and disdain,  
With shades of glory and of grief;  
And Spanish spurs, with bells of steel,  
That dashed and dangled at the heel—  
The famous filibuster chief  
Sood by his tent mid tall brown trees  
That top the fierce Cordilleras,  
With brown arch'd above his brow,  
Stood still—he stands, a picture, now—  
Long gazing down the sunset seas."

Now, Mr. Miller, did you ever see Walker?  
"Honor bright?"

#### AN ALLEGORY.

THE following story, told from time immemorial in various languages, and which, indeed, we hear has lately turned up in the Sanscrit, may appropriately be related for the benefit of the City Comptroller:

A certain man had run into debt to his neighbors, and was unable to pay. To each of his creditors he had promised that, when he slaughtered his fat hog, he would discharge his debt. Finding, however, that the proceeds of the hog would fall far short of the sum total of his debts, he went to consult a friend as to the best course to be pursued. His friend advised him to kill the hog, let it be publicly known that the following day he would pay everybody, and then, during the night, hide away the carcass; and when his friends came, tell them some thief had run off with his property, and therefore he could not pay them. Following this advice, the hog was killed, and the neighbors summoned to receive their money the following morning. But during the night the friend stepped into the man's house and stole the dressed hog. Early in the morning he was roused by the loud cries of the bereaved owner: "Oh, my hog has been stolen!—somebody has taken away the hog!" "Quite right," quoth his friend; "stick to that." "But somebody has stolen it!" "Of course," said his friend; "that's the way to say it. Stick to that—stick to that!" "But," said the man, "I tell you seriously, the hog has been stolen!" "All right," said his friend; "you say it quite perfectly. Stick to that, and they'll all believe you!"

The moral is obvious, and we commend it to the attention of Mr. Connolly. It may be inferred that we do not accuse him of so vulgar an act as burglary, however convenient for him such a crime may prove. Perhaps he may be able to convince the public that those vouchers have been stolen without his connivance—and then, again, perhaps he may not.

#### PRINCE ARTHUR vs. "LITTLE TAD."

THE contrast between monarchy and republicanism in its social aspects cannot be better recognized than by a look at the recent public prints on the two sides of the Atlantic. There has been a squabble in the Houses of Parliament respecting the endowment of Prince Arthur of England; and there have been mass meetings in the public parks, so formidable in their numbers and so vehement in the bitterness of their harangues, that they threatened to be revolutionary, calling for great military preparations to keep the peace.

The meaning of all this is, the people recognizing that it is they who pay for the gilded puppets of the throne, want something for their money. They find the Queen too profligate for their taste when \$30,000 per annum is an average cost of each. And who is the Queen, and what is she to the people? A woman who has the negative quality of not being bad—and that is a great thing in royalty—who is ever aloof from the people, joying not in their joys nor grieving with their sorrows; of no more value, importance or honor to them than is the Pitt diamond. She is like the wart on one's nose, which one gets used to, and for a while would miss if 'twas gone, but which is yet a nuisance. And these continued subsidies, all for the honor of the Crown! which is not spent, but hoarded, till now the Queen is among the richest individuals in the kingdom, yet rarely giving in

charity, spending regally, or doing anything else but hoard. And every child—the good or bad, the loved or unloved, as a subject can love one to whom he can never speak and but rarely see—to be constantly paid for!

On this side, we had a right royal man, one from the people, who was placed on the American throne—the people's hearts. The people willingly gave to him their best—not words, not gold, but their tears.

Prince Arthur and "Little Tad"!

"Why should that name be sounded more than his?"

He was a prince who never wore the name; yet grief settled like a pall over all hearts when they knew that his last quip was uttered, his last laugh was heard, his last word sounded. The Press grew eloquent in the praise of him whom they had never cause to blame, and the people cut his likeness from the pictorial page and treasured him in their memories!

Royalty claims gold grudgingly given from the overtaxed pockets of the people for any brat born in the shadow of the throne. Republicanism, free and independent, unbiased and undriven by the licitor's whip, denies the clamorous demand of all deemed unworthy, but squanders its wealth where the heart directs.

Were the Queen a true woman, she would fling back the gold wrung by the Minister's lash from an unwilling people, and with becoming pride, proclaim her happy ability to support her own children in a manner worthy both of herself and the nation whose proud care they should be. But the royal frontispiece deserves the taunt of being but the Queen of a "nation of shopkeepers," when she shows herself so averse to pelf as to sacrifice all true dignity to attain it for herself or her children.

JOHN G. SAXE was recently at Saratoga, where he tried to make himself popular—epigrammatically. He thus describes one of "the Belles of the Season":

"Hark to the music of her borrowed tone;  
Observe the blush that purchase makes her own;  
See the sweet smile that sheds its beaming rays;  
False as the bosom where her diamonds blaze."

And to the "beautiful young lady" who lent him a candle, when the gas went out, as it sometimes does in Saratoga, he sent the following:

"You gave me a candle; I give you my thanks,  
And add as a compliment justly your due—  
There is not a girl in these feminine ranks  
Who could, if she would, hold a candle to you."

We trust the young lady in question will not inquire too clearly into the very classical origin of the phrase "holding a candle."

THEY do queer things in England. Some time ago a Mr. Hampden made a bet of \$2,500 with Mr. Wallace, the eminent naturalist, that the world was flat and not round. The matter was left to experts, who decided against Mr. Hampden, who at once denounced Mr. Wallace as a liar and swindler. Immediately Mr. Wallace prosecuted Mr. Hampden for libel, and made him pay \$3,000 damages. Very good for Wallace; quite the reverse for Hampden, who evidently is a flat.

THE Republican State Convention in Massachusetts will be held September 27th. The whole number of delegates will be 1,092.

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these—WE MAY HAVE BEN."

We copy the above announcement from the Boston Post, merely to ask if the poet really had Butler in his eye when he penned the couplet?

IN the city of New York there are, according to the late census, 71,342 native American and 113,266 foreign-born voters. The vast corruptions alleged to exist in the government of this great city, taken in connection with the nativity of its voting population, affords an interesting topic for reflection to American statesmen.

#### BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

NAUTILUS: OR, CRUISING UNDER CANVAS. By Capt. JOHN N. MAFIT, formerly of the United States Navy. United States Publishing Co., 411 Broome Street, New York.

This is one of the most exciting books we have read for a long time. It has the rare merit of being at once an autobiography and a novel, and described with a racy and vigorous pen. Captain Mafit has made the chief events of his remarkable career the groundwork of this romance; and the reader is carried along with irresistible force from the first page to the last. We trust that this nautical romance is only the first of a series from Captain Mafit's pen. It is got up in a very tasteful binding, and is altogether a very attractive work.

LAWRENCE MINOR, a colored porter on the steamer General Lytle, of the Louisville and Cincinnati mail line, has been appointed a professor in Alcorn University, Mississippi, an institution established for the education of the colored race. He was born a slave in Louisiana; his father was the owner of the plantation which was his birthplace, and a bachelor. The planter, before he died, made provision in his will for manumitting Lawrence, and a brother and sister of the latter, and for their education. During his lifetime they had the services of a private tutor, and in 1846 Lawrence went to Oberlin and entered college, but failed to graduate, in consequence of a difficulty with a tutor.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Evacuation of Amiens by the Prussian Troops.

As our readers are probably aware, the German troops have continued to occupy many important positions in France long after the cessation of hostilities and the treaty of peace between the great contending nations. These points are being evacuated from time to time, at the pleasure of the conqueror, as the terms dictated by him are complied with. Upon the payment of the first milliard of francs by the French Government, the Prussians commenced their departure from the Department of the North. Our engraving represents them in the act of marching homeward from the environs of Amiens. No course of citizens appears upon the scene to witness the exodus of the invader. Prudential reasons, probably, prevent any greater demonstration on the part of the French than that represented in our picture—the appearance of a few straggling peasants; and the victorious army is scarcely likely to notice such feeble manifestations of ill-feeling as that exhibited by the little boy in the foreground shaking his fist as a parting salute to the retreating forces.

##### The Sardine Fishery of Brittany.

Our illustration represents the arrival of the sardine fleet, toward the close of the day, in the Bay of Douarnenez, Finistère. The fishing commences about June 20th, and continues to the end of December, or later, the boats going out twice daily. In the view shown by our engraving, the boats are coming up to the mole and quays to land their fish. Men carrying each a couple of round baskets await their landing. Each basket holds 200 fish, which are taken to a house and washed in salt water, then beheaded, afterward placed on grids and in ovens for a few minutes, then packed in tin boxes filled with fine olive oil, and then soldered down. The boxes are placed in a large iron basket or crate, and plunged for an hour or more into boiling water. The boxes are then polished, cleaned up and packed away. All these processes are the work of girls.

##### Meeting of the Emperors of Germany and Austria at Gastein.

This place, situate in the Tyrol, has always been a favorite place of resort of the present Emperor of Germany. Here Bismarck, in 1865, obtained the signature of Austria to the treaty which led to the dismemberment of Denmark, to Sadowa, to Sedan. Gastein is one of the most picturesque watering-places of Europe. It stands in a narrow valley, the mountain-sides green with verdure almost to the summits where the snow-caps lie. Here lately occurred the famous meeting between the Emperors of Germany and Austria, which has caused all European statesmen so much anxiety as to its significance and results, and which, if we are to judge of Kaiser Wilhelm's future course by his past career, points to further changes in the map of Europe.

##### The Reception of the Princess Louise at Inverary Castle, the Seat of the Duke of Argyll.

The reception of the Princess Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, at Inverary Castle, the ancestral home of the marquis's father, was an event of much interest to the Scotch people, especially those of the vicinity. The vesper, the town, and the castle, were adorned with flags; there was an arch of heather and colors with initial letters emblazoned thereon, at the gate of the duke's grounds, and the artillery and rifle volunteers of Argyll and Bute mustered in considerable force. A select company, with the duke's family and household servants, assembled in the entrance hall, which was adorned with ferns, shrubs, and flowering plants. The duke's men, wearing a picturesque livery, and bearing Lochaber-axes, were in attendance. When the princess, wrapped in a shawl of Clan Campbell tartan, with a silver brooch to fasten it, alighted with her lord from the carriage and went up the steps, received by the Duke of Argyll, there was a hearty outburst of kind feeling, to which the marquis replied with a few words of thanks, turning back from the steps to address the crowd. This is the scene represented by our engraving.

##### Popular Demonstrations at Strasbourg—A Troop of Children Displaying the French Flag Dispersed by Prussian Soldiers.

This engraving tells its own story. The transfer of the sovereignty of Alsace and Lorraine from France to Germany, although a recognized fact in history as one of the most important results of the late war, still continues to evoke occasional demonstrations from the inhabitants of those provinces, smarting under the yoke of their new rulers. In the city of Strasbourg, within a few weeks past, a body of children, probably instigated by older heads, appeared on the streets flaunting the French flag in the faces of their conquerors. The tender years of the gamins formed no excuse in the minds of the Prussian officials for this insult to their supremacy, and the troop was speedily dispersed by the garrison in a manner by no means gentle, as depicted in our illustration.

##### The Quirinal Palace at Rome, the Residence of King Victor Emmanuel.

This beautiful edifice, for a long time the summer residence of the Popes, was commenced by Pope Gregory XIII. about 1574. It stands upon the ruins of the ancient baths of Constantine. Its building was continued by Sixtus V. and Clement VIII., and greatly improved by the additions and ornamentation of many of their successors. Its galleries contain some of the most famous and beautiful works of art, either of ancient or modern times, including paintings by Guido, Paul Veronese, Annibal Caracci, Van Dyck and Salvator Rosa, besides reliefs by Thorwaldsen and other famous sculptors. The Pauline Chapel, built by Paul V., is of the same form and dimensions as the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. Besides its ancient renown, this palace possesses a more recent historical interest as being the place where the Pope was made a prisoner by the first Napoleon in 1809, and from which Pius IX. escaped in disguise in the revolutionary period of 1849. Upon the recent occupation of Rome by the Italian troops, it was selected by Victor Emmanuel as his residence, having been previously occupied by the ex-King of Naples. If the spirits of the departed are permitted after death to observe passing events, we can imagine the commotion excited among the long line of Popes, who were its former occupants, upon seeing this beautiful palace, with all its treasures of art, and with all its historical associations, used as an abiding-place by the chief of the House of Savoy, and its halls resounding with the footsteps of his soldiery, banded together under the watchword, "Italy a unit, and Rome its capital!"

#### The Communist Prisoners at Satory—Parting Salutations by their Friends.

The prisoners at Satory are said to be more harshly treated than those of the Orangerie. Each visitor who enters the inclosure within which they are confined is attended by a gendarme, who listens to all the conversation that passes, and the interview is limited to five minutes. When the visitors have left the inclosure, it is still possible for them to communicate by signs with the prisoners within. Outside the gate the sympathizers exchange a parting look and wave of the hand with their friends, while the aristocrats look with disgust upon those who are bold enough thus to salute their imprisoned relatives.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE's husband has married her cousin.

A MISSOURIAN, tired of life, at seventy years joined a base-ball club, and got a happy release.

MICHELET is sick in Florence, and "La Femme" nurses him.

MR. H. N. SMITH, the owner of Goldsmith Maid, has \$250,000 worth of trotters.

VICTORIA's daughter Alice is publishing a serial novel.

THE Hartford Times speaks of Walt Whitman's "stump-swap and corduroy-road verses."

GOTTSCALK wrote one thousand pages of autobiography before he died.

JOHN GILBERT, the royal academicien, is to be knighted. It will cost him \$2,000.

CHARLES READE and another "Prurient Prude" are fighting it out in the London Times.

M. LOUIS BLANC will be political editor of the Paris Nation Souveraine when its publication is resumed, which will be in a short time.

B. JORNSEN, the Norwegian novelist, receives a comfortable salary as a preacher of a village church near Dronheim, and his copyrights yield him about \$5,000 a year.

HOYLE, the apostle of whist under the old dispensation, is said to have died "full of years and honors." This is not true. He has merely fallen asleep waiting for the last trump.

EARL RUSSELL, the British statesman, whose chief claim to notoriety rests upon his ability to lose himself in a diplomatic fog, has just published a pamphlet of ninety-six pages, entitled, "The Foreign Policy of England, 1870-1871."

THE latest distinction that Gladstone has achieved in London is the reputation, universally conceded, of wearing the "most shocking bad hat" of any of Her Majesty's subjects. Gladstone is one of the men who can afford to do that sort of thing.

HERBERT SPENCER is traveling in the Highlands of Scotland, and seems to be enjoying better health than he has had for years. He is very fond of fishing, and has spent most of the summer in his piscatorial sport in the Scotch lochs and mountain-streams.

ROBERT BENTLEY, whose death was announced a few days ago, was professor of botany in King's College, London, was long a member of the Royal Botanic Society, was author of a "Manual of Botany," and assisted in editing Pereira's "Materia Medica and Therapeutics."

THE widow of General Prim is reported to have found in a secret drawer of her late husband's desk a letter containing instructions as to what she should do with his property in case of his death—an event which, according to the letter, he anticipated. The letter was written the day before his assassination.

Pius Ninth holds receptions dressed in a long robe of pure white, and wearing a tight skull-cap of the same color. He is said to be a florid, jovial old gentleman with a merry twinkle in his eye, and trips along briskly enough under the weight of his seventy-nine years. He lets the company kiss his signet ring.

THE want of houses for the poor at Berlin has become so pressing, that the barracks lately occupied by the French prisoners in the city are being hit d up for dwellings. The presence of the French in Berlin, it will thus be seen, has had the effect of introducing a French institution, and even the authorities accept the barrack aid in this direction.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie is said to be in the habit of assuring her acquaintances, very confidentially, that she always loved Louis Napoleon—even before she married him—but that, since their fall from power, his resignation to misfortune, and his patience in the midst of adversity, have raised her affection to the point where worship is supposed to begin.

THE Princess Mary of Holland is said to be five years the senior of her new husband, the Prince of Weld, to whom she brings a vast fortune as a compensation for her superior age. She had determined to live and die a maid, until she met the prince, when she changed her resolution in an instant. She is reputed to be an excellent musician and an accomplished cook, and what is more remarkable, to have made her own wedding-cake.

A DAILY paper, apropos of the three rival candidates for the Presidency, Grant, Victoria Woodhull and Greeley, compares them to the ritual beauties of antiquity, Juno, Minerva and Venus. Now Grant may be a very good Juno, Mrs. Woodhull a very fair modern representative of the goddess of Wisdom, although we believe Minerva never had even one husband; but to think of our sage philosopher Horace performing the rôle of Venus, either as to costume or morals. Shocking!

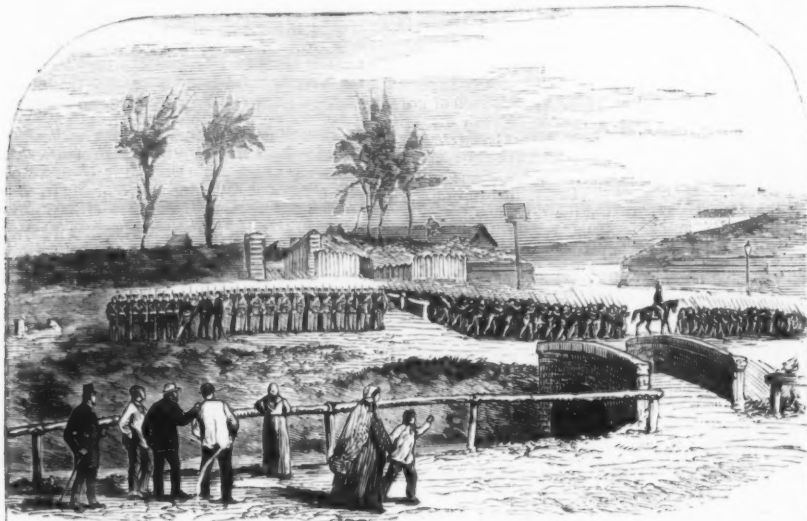
AN American captain reports that while entering the Straits of Gibraltar he was met by the English naval squadron. He did not know what to do, but the squadron itself ended the difficulty by gracefully dividing into starboard and port divisions and leaving him a clear passage through their centre. As he sailed by, each ship in the fleet courteously dipped its ensign and fired one gun, and various American airs were also played. This is as it should be.

THE woman's rights cause is progressing, at least in England. The divorce court has recently accorded to an erring wife the privilege hitherto exclusively enjoyed by male tyrants—that of paying alimony to the successful party, upon a decree of separation. The lucky husband gets \$2,500 a year from his former spouse, but is obliged to take care of the babies. We doubt whether even our fair friends of the Revolution will wish to accept all our masculine rights, if they are compelled to take them with the accompanying burdens.

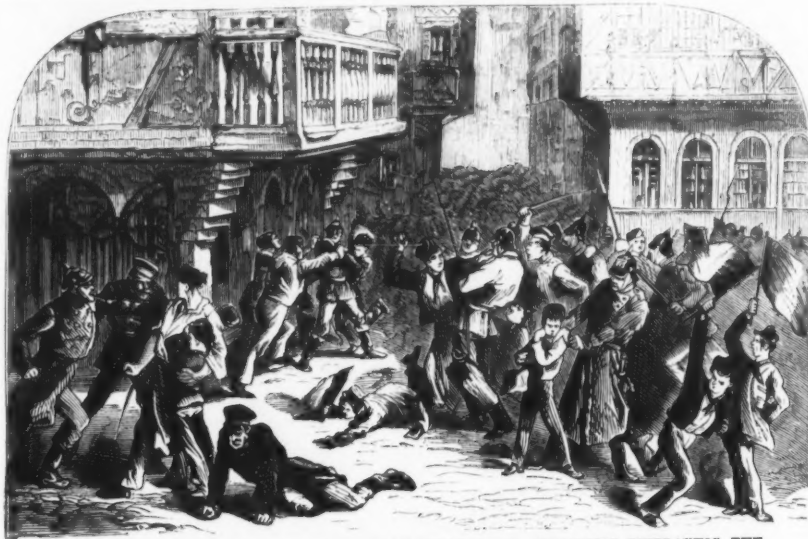
SIR RODERICK MURCHISON has received a letter from Dr. Kirk, at Zanzibar, dated July 19th, 1871, in which he states: "I can, I regret to say, give no information of Livingstone. What last I wrote about his visit to that little-known place west of Tanganyika is confirmed, and the Arabs from that quarter seem to count him quite one of the residents of those places. There is certainly no ill-feeling on the part of the Arabs to him. The little jealousy they seem to have shown at first has passed off, and I sent a letter a few days ago by the first caravan of the season to Ujiji. Do not despair. The Doctor is moving slowly, but safely; he evidently feels his way, and is determined to leave little doubts behind him this time."



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



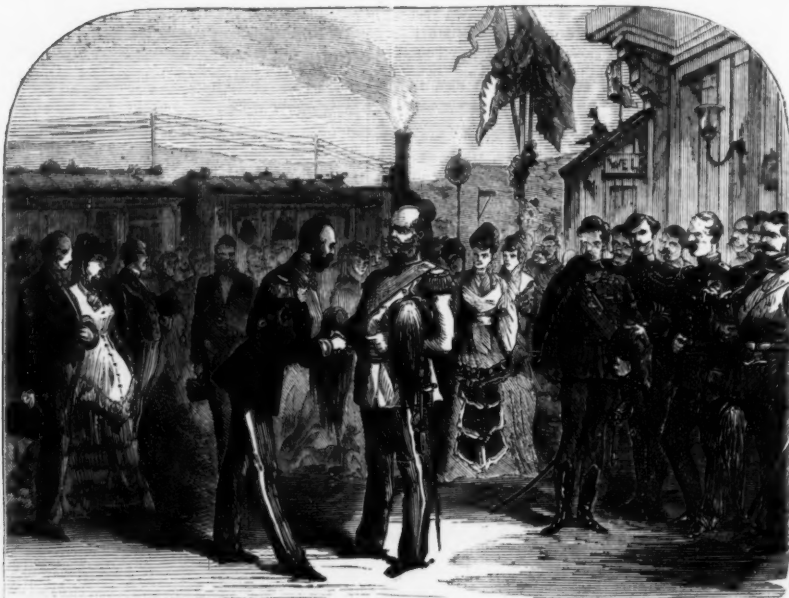
FRANCE.—THE REAR GUARD OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY EVACUATING AMIENS.



GERMANY.—POPULAR DEMONSTRATIONS AT STRASBOURG—CHILDREN DISPERSING THE FRENCH FLAG DISPERSED BY PRUSSIAN TROOPS.



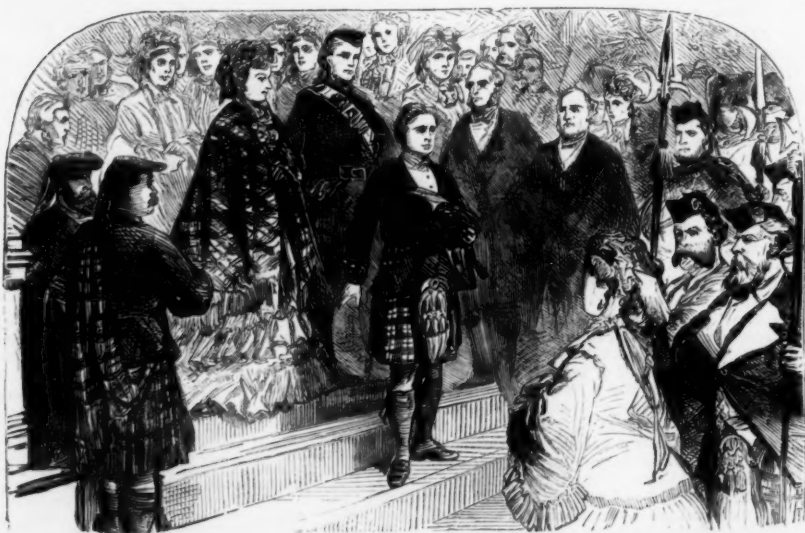
FRANCE.—THE SARDINE FISHERY ON THE COAST OF BRITTANY.



AUSTRIA.—THE MEETING BETWEEN THE EMPERORS OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA, AT GASTEIN, TYROL.



ITALY.—THE QUIRINAL PALACE AT ROME, THE RESIDENCE OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.



SCOTLAND.—THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUE OF LORNE AT INVERARY CASTLE.



FRANCE.—THE COMMUNIST PRISONERS AT SATORY—PARTING SALUTATIONS BY THEIR FRIENDS.

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WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—INDIANS CATCHING WHITE-FISH AMONG THE RAPIDS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

### INDIANS CATCHING WHITE-FISH.

ALONG the shores of the Columbia River, in Washington Territory, are many settlements of Chipewa and French half-breed Indians, who have there congregated in consequence of the excellent facilities for fishing. The scene in the midst of the Rapids, where the water boils and dashes past the boulders that rise suddenly from the river's bed, is not only exciting to the tourist, but indicative of one opportunity the Indians enjoy of gaining a subsistence.

The Columbia, as well as other rivers flowing into icy water, swarms with white-fish, a member of the salmon family, peculiar to North America. In October, they enter the rivers to spawn, and after a visit of three or four weeks, they commence their migrations. The Indians pass the Rapids in their well-braced canoes, and, furnished with stout gill-nets, scoop the fish as they attempt to leave the locality. The labor and exposure of catching this dainty marine food by such means is very great, and on Lake Champlain the Indians calculate the time of retreat, and spread seines which collect large numbers. This fish, as its name implies, is of a whitish color, and forms the principal food of these Indians and the fur traders of British America. It resembles the shad, and its flesh is of exquisite flavor.

### THE RIGHT HON. RUSSELL GURNEY, M.P., ENGLISH ARBITRATOR UNDER THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

THIS gentleman's portrait possesses an immediate interest from the fact that he has recently been appointed English Arbitrator in the Commission which, by the late Treaty, is to sit at Washington upon the claims between England and the United States, and that he is now on his way to this country. He is the son of the late Sir John Gurney, Baron of the Exchequer, and was born 2d of September, 1804. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar at the Middle Temple in November, 1828, attaining his grade of Q.C. in 1845. In 1856 he was elected Recorder of London, a post which he still holds. On the occasion of the Jamaica Rebellion Inquiry he was appointed Commissioner, and has also acted officially as Judge of Assize. He first entered Parliament in 1865, being returned by Southampton on Conservative principles. His appointment under the Washington Treaty is perhaps a politic proceeding on the part of the Government, who, having had the assistance of Sir Stafford Northcote in framing the Treaty, are desirous of still dividing with the Opposition the work to be done under its provisions; but the compliment to the Recorder implied in the selection is none the less.

### GREAT TRADES' REVIEW.

THE demonstration of the Workingmen's Associations of New York and vicinity, on Wednesday, September 13th, was an orderly and impressive occasion. The procession, long in its composition, and representing the various trades, attracted to the line of route vast

crowds of spectators, who were profuse in their compliments to these hardy sons of toil. The Committee of Arrangements furnished a liberal supply of music, banners and devices suggestive of the laboring man's determination to secure the enforcement of the Eight-hour Law. One of the most noticeable features of the procession was the huge vehicle ornamented by the Asso-

ciation of Pasterers, of which, in its passage by Cooper Institute, we give an illustration. The negro and German participants were greeted with frequent applause.

In the evening, there was an immense mass-meeting at Cooper Institute, at which prominent members of the several trades made stirring speeches, in which the idea that honest labor should be conscientiously rewarded formed the basis.

### THE WARD BROTHERS.

THE international boat-race on Saratoga Lake, N. Y., which, after a postponement, took place on Monday, September 11th, resulted in a decided victory for the Ward brothers, was the most exciting aquatic contest of the season. Eight crews were originally entered for the race, but the following only put in an appearance:

Tyne, or Renforth crew: James Percy, bow, 148 pounds; Henry Kelley, No. 2, 154 pounds; John Bright, No. 3, 149 pounds; Robert Chambers, stroke, 156 pounds. Total, 607 pounds. Average age, 30½ years. Their boat is made of cedar, 41 feet long, and named the *Queen Victoria*.

Biglin crew: Bernard Biglin, bow, 151 pounds; Henry Coulter, No. 2, 166 pounds; John Biglin, No. 3, 153 pounds; Joseph McKaye, Jr., stroke, 145 pounds. Total, 615 pounds. Average age, 27½ years. Cedar boat, 41 feet long, named *America*.

Taylor-Winship crew: James Taylor, bow, 142 pounds; Joseph H. Sadler, No. 2, 154 pounds; Robert Bagnal, No. 3, 156 pounds; Thomas Winship, stroke, 156 pounds. Total, 608 pounds. Average age, 31½ years. Cedar boat, 42 feet long, named the *Coaly-on-Tyne*.

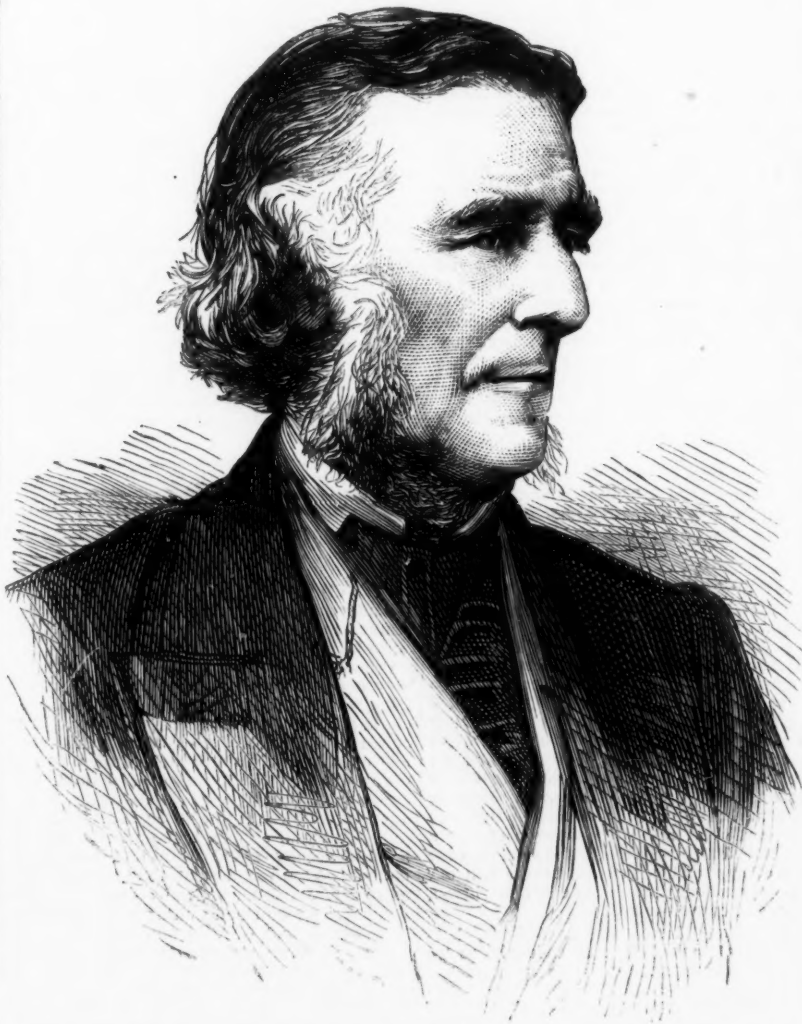
Dutchess County crew: William Stevens, bow, 160 pounds; Homer Wooden, No. 2, 175 pounds; Charles Burgher, No. 3, 165 pounds; William Burgher, stroke, 185 pounds. Total, 685 pounds. Cedar boat, 45 feet long, named the *Dutchess*.

Pittsburgh crew: Conrad Minehart, bow, 150 pounds; Frederick Dunn, No. 2, 140 pounds; Nicholas Dinmarsh, No. 3, 150 pounds; William Schorff, stroke, 138 pounds. Total, 578 pounds. Average age, 25½ years. Paper-maché boat, 40 feet 9 inches, named *McKee*.

Ward crew: Ellis, bow, 150 pounds; Josh, No. 2, 165 pounds; Gilbert, No. 3, 155 pounds; Henry, stroke, 158 pounds. Total, 628 pounds. Average age, 32½ years. Cedar boat, 42 feet long, named *Dick Risdon*.

The course was from set buoys to stakeboats two miles distant, and return. The Ward brothers came in first, winning the prize of \$2,000, and gaining the victory in twenty-four minutes and forty seconds.

Ward brothers have long enjoyed a high reputation in boating circles. They are the sons of Isaac Ward, and have lived for many years at Cornwall, N. Y.



THE RIGHT HON. RUSSELL GURNEY, M.P., ENGLISH ARBITRATOR UNDER THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.



Joshua Ward, or "Josh," has been known for years, and more especially since October 24th, 1859, when he defeated the then famous single scullers, Hancox, Doyle, and others, and won the title, "Champion of America," retaining it from that time up to about two years ago. Josh rowed against all the great oarsmen of the country, including Hamill, the Pittsburgh champion, and the now deceased champion, Walter Brown. In one of his numerous contests the fastest five-mile time on record was made by him—35 minutes 10 seconds—and which has never been beaten. Henry, or Hank Ward, as he is familiarly called, is the oldest of the crew, and has probably been engaged in as many aquatic contests as any man in America, and it is said that he never entered in a race that he or the boat he was in did not take either first or second prize. Gilbert Ward has never done much in the single-scull line, but for years he and his brother Josh were considered the champion two-pair scullers in the country. Ellis Ward, the youngest of the crew, is now looked upon as the coming single sculler. During the past few years he has rowed in several single contests, in a majority of which he has won either first or second places. As boatmen, either in single, double, or four-oared sculls, they have been known since 1859. Their last public appearance as a four-oared crew was at Springfield, Mass., on the 21st of October, 1868, when they were defeated by the Paris crew after a six-mile race in 39:28:04, previous to which, as a four-oared crew, they had never been beaten; their first race having been rowed on the 4th of July, 1864, when they defeated the crack Poughkeepsie crew, some of whom rowed in the Poughkeepsie crew on Monday. On September 25th, 1865, the Wards beat the Biglin crew in a five-mile race, at Sing Sing, N. Y., for \$1,000 a side and the four-oared championship, the distance being rowed in 33:05. In 1867 a Canadian crew challenged the Wards for a six-mile race at Springfield, Mass., and like all their previous contests, it resulted in a victory, the Canadians being defeated nearly two minutes, the Wards doing the distance in 39 minutes 28 seconds. In 1868 the Wards won an easy victory at the Harvard Yale regatta, defeating two other crews with ease, their last appearance and first defeat being as above set forth. The victors say this is their last race as a four-oared crew; that they have beaten the best crews in the world, and they can now afford to stop.

#### AGNES.

I OPEN again the garden-door,  
When the flowers live their little time,  
And I stand, as you used to stand before  
By the rose-bush in its prime;  
And I pluck one bud from the laden stem;  
"This is for you," I say;  
Then I take a leaf from the glowing gem,  
And fling the rest away.  
Now, why should I place this single leaf  
Where my other treasures lie?  
And why should I keep it like the grief  
That is seen in a thoughtful eye?  
I keep it because it was thus you stood,  
That Summer afternoon,  
Plucking a rose in your maiden mood,  
And humming a low sweet tune.  
And I stood in the shade of the garden-door,  
And heard you at your song,  
And saw the rich leaves downward pour,  
As the low wind came along.  
Now, when Death has plucked your life's sweet bud,  
And your footsteps are heard no more,  
I think it a joy to stand where you stood,  
By the rose at the garden-door.  
So I creep in as beneath a fear,  
And pluck, with trembling hand,  
A rose from the bush you held so dear,  
Ere you went to the spirit-land.  
And I take one leaf from the bud—no more—  
And fling the rest away,  
Then turn again to the garden-door,  
In the golden Summer day;  
And whisper: "The bud that I resign  
Is thy clay to its own earth given;  
But the leaf that I keep is that spirit of thine,  
With its incense—all of heaven."

#### LAURA'S STORY.

WHEN she came into church to-day she seemed to float along in an atmosphere of purple and gold, as the light filtered through the gorgeous windows. Will she always look so beautiful to me? Grey Aytoun's eyes followed her hungrily, angrily, up the aisle. Grey has been abroad three years; he seems to think this long absence entitles him to make remarks:  
"She is incapable of feeling," he says between muttering and whispering. "Folks who feel, change; and there isn't a line of her face altered."  
I bow as if I assented. Let it go, if he cannot see it. Laura is gliding into her pew, loosening her furs, unclasping her book.  
"Dainty as a doll!" hisses Aytoun. "The old fellow's bankruptcy don't impinge her toilets, eh?"  
"It seems not."  
The service is beginning. Up, up, above the risen congregation, above the azure and purple saints, the carved arches, the frescoed cherubim, soars that serene, splendid voice, in the Christmas Anthem—  
"Unto us a child is born!"  
which makes me forget Aytoun and Laura, and all that there has been between them and me. But to-night, this Christmas night, I get out her diary, and sit, all alone, and read its pages.

August 17th.—Will nothing ever happen? Nothing but the cold, grey stones, and the weary thud of the waves without, and the noisy, turbulent children within! Summer comes to everything but my life. I think there will never be any perfume or bloom to that. How young and hopeful I was when I came here to Shoreham four years ago. How motherly I felt, at sixteen, toward the little motherless brood I had come to teach and guard; what an innocent sympathy I had toward Edward Julian, with his cold politeness and polished reserve, which has sometimes since made me wonder whether his wife had not rather frozen than died. How tolerant, even, I was toward old Mrs. Julian, with her vulgar stinginess and fussy impertinence. I was so sure of myself then—of my beauty and its power. I know I was not vain, but I could not help delighting in my own face, just as I did in brilliant pictures and sparkling stones, and everything that is lovely and rare. Ah! how I do love elegance, soft, sybaritic elegance! I can embody the most spiritual things in luxuries. Is this my weakness? Or is it because I have never been indulged? Pent-up passions gather force. Sometimes I wonder which of the two things I have never had—love and money—would yield me most happiness.

18th.—A long walk down the beach, with the children. Bessie's hat blew off, and we all went scampering after it around the slate cliff, and came pat upon a couple of artists, sketching. They both bowed, one without looking at us. I caught the children, those that I could reach, by the hand, and walked onward. Bessie's hat had lodged in a pool. We rescued it, and continued our way with decorum, and a drenched Leghorn. Wonderful events to chronicle! Am I a fool for keeping this diary? In the evening a letter came from Mr. Julian. He does not return for a month yet.

23d.—This morning I was drilling Jean in the Rule of Three, when Grandma Julian made her appearance, quite out of breath. She was dressed in what she calls her "regimentals" (she never dares wear them when Mr. Julian is at home), and she looked like a very scarecrow.

"It beats all," she began. "I never yet undertook to make soft-soap but somebody rung that door-bell. Won't you go down, Laury, and see who it can be?"

I went down, opened the door, and found—one of our artists of beach-recollection (the one who didn't look when he bowed). He introduced himself in a very business-like way, as Mr. Hollister, of New York, said he had been told, at the hotel in the village, that Mrs. Julian sometimes accommodated tourists with board (yes; if Mr. Julian did not know it!), and he had called on behalf of himself and his friend Grey Aytoun, who were spending a few weeks at Shoreham for the sake of the coast scenery. I told him it would be necessary for them to transact his business with Mrs. Julian, and having asked him into the parlor, I helped the old lady on with her bombazine and cap, and went back to the Rule of Three while she negotiated an arrangement which I presume she will find more profitable than the manufacture of soft-soap.

25th.—The artists have come. A great bare chamber is appropriated for a studio, and transfigured with canvas. I wonder how we shall like them? It seems odd to hear such audacious laughter and such ringing steps in Edward Julian's home! I think grandma is a little frightened at her own bargain. I like Mr. Hollister. He is moderate in his height and voice and capacity; and a gentleman. I hardly know what to think of Grey Aytoun. He is so lowering and imperious, with the face of a Greek god. His sketch-book is filled with such daring, riotous conceptions. I think it would be easy to fear him, dangerous to love him, and impossible to hate him.

30th.—While we lived our tame, eventless lives, I could fill a page every night, in my diary. Now this infusion of new tastes and pursuits seems to have altered all, and I have no desire to chronicle what passes. Our artists rise early, breakfast, and pass the morning painting. The afternoons they spend coasting, either by water or along the rocks of the shore. Aytoun carries his rifle, and sometimes brings home some ducks; Hollister generally brings a mass of sea-weed, or some fragments of rock. One day he brought a pair of great white wings, which he has fashioned into a fan and painted, for Bessie. He likes the children. In the evening we sing and talk and read. How short the evenings are in August!

31st.—We have made an excursion; a sort of celebration of the ended Summer. It was Saturday, and grandma was glad to be rid of us for all day, while she cooked and scoured. The older children—George and Jean—went with me. First we cruised about aimlessly, for two or three hours. Mr. Hollister was making notes in his sketch-book, of lights and shades. He paints, as he does all things, with truth and conscience. Aytoun said he should recollect everything connected with this morning, without notes. I used to think the rocks were so dull and the sea monotonous. How could I think so? There were wonderful shifting tints this morning in the water. Every wave like the crucible of a million jewels. When we were fully satiated with splendor, the dazzle softened all at once into a sapphire shimmer. The wind lulled; a delicate mist settled like spun-pearl over all. We ran our boat into a cove, waded through deep, white sand into the shade of a great blue rock, and there laid our cloth—spread our provision of cold meat, bread, coffee, and currant-wine.

"How long have you lived here, Miss Cambreling?" asked Aytoun, suddenly, as we devoured our repast.

"Four years."

"I think I could live here for ever. But you, I suppose, have a home elsewhere which is dearer to you?"

"No; I have no home but the one I earn."

"I wish I could earn my home here!" he said, musingly.

"The Winters are dreary!" I replied, with a shiver.

"True. And without friends, companions—" "Mr. Julian is at home considerably through the Winter. But our life is dull."

"Ah! that makes the difference. I am not sure that this sand-bar and that strip of reedy grass, and the threatening sough I hear in the wind, would be so delightful in any other company."

"Is the wind threatening? Pray let us go home!"

"Are you such a coward—that is, so fond of life?" he asked, smiling.

"Not for myself. You know I have the care of the children."

"True. Do not be uneasy; I will take care of you!"

All the dazzle and beauty of the morning was gone by the time we were again afloat. The pearly mist was a dome of lead and heavy drops began to fall, and we were miles from home! George and Jean went to sleep, wrapped in Mr. Hollister's tarpaulin. Aytoun and I sat at the bow of the boat. The wind favored us, and we scudded along through the dash of the water in the darkness. I was all a-tremble with fright and eagerness to be again at home. Yet, now, it seems to me I would give a year of life just to sit silent there, in the bow of the Wave, hugging my shawl about me, the rain falling, the waters plunging, the blackness gathering, and Grey Aytoun's eyes shining down upon me. How little he speaks and how much he looks! He is so intense. One of the civil, half-complimentary things which Mr. Hollister is constantly saying, would be an avowal of love from him.

Later.—Just as I had written the above, grandma came to the room. I expected it was to secure a compliment for the broiled oysters and coffee which awaited our return—but, no!

"Now, Laury," she began, "I've found out something, and as I think you're interested, I've come to let you into the secret. Them young men are here under false pretenses—"

I know not what went through my brain—a vision of burglars, counterfeiters, detectives! At last, I asked, "What do you mean?" and I was pretty sure she would answer, "Grey Aytoun has a wife at home!" But, no! grandma don't come to the point like that.

"Well," says she, "one of them's rich and t'other's poor. I found out that. Now, if you're goin' to be philandering round with them, just pick the rich one!"

"Well, which is the rich one?"

"That's what I'm coming to. You see, thinks I, when you were off for the day. 'What's the harm finding out what I can?' So I jest looks around a little in that yere studio, looks over papers and letters, you know, and it turns out that Ralph Hollister's as rich as Cæsus, and Mr. Prince there—what d'ye call the other one?—is as poor as a church-mouse, and just paints for his living!"

"Ah!" "Thought just t'other way, didn't you? Well, now you see what appearances are! H., he's modest; he's got a notion of being esteemed without his money. Now, you may thank me for my intimation!"

I muttered something about not knowing what good it was going to do me, and grandma took herself off. And here I sit, with a great stone's weight on my heart. What difference does this news make to me? Certainly none! Grey Aytoun is himself, in wealth or poverty. And Ralph Hollister—that he should desire to be estimated without his money, betrays just the delicate sentiment for which I have always given him credit. But what are either to me, anyway?

Sept. 5th.—Three or four joyous, brilliant days since the rain and grandma's discovery. This afternoon we were all on the beach. H. was "skipping" stones to amuse the children—A. talking with me.

"It is odd of Fate, Miss Cambreling, to tie you down to the care of a flock of children. I wonder what the doctrine of compensation would promise you? Their father's fortune, I presume, if it is an equitable doctrine."

Looking up, I saw Mr. Julian approaching us. I was incapable of stirring, but I exclaimed, which set the children flying and screaming. Mr. Julian had heard from his mother of our increased family. He greeted the artists, therefore, without surprise, and me with his chiseled elegance.

"I fear I have come to break up a 'happy family!'" he said, with his fine irony.

"What do you mean, papa?" asked privileged Jean.

"I am going to take you up to New York next week. The house is being opened and cleaned. We shall make ready to leave here with all dispatch."

Remove to New York, after these four long years? Is Mr. Julian going to give his city home a city mistress?

October.—We are settled in the city. It is very delightful, novel, to me. We have been taking a long vacation since our arrival, exploring streets, parks, shops, galleries. Mr. Julian gave me *carte blanche* for the children's Fall outfit. And yesterday afternoon we took the whole flock to the Museum. I think Mr. Julian was very proud of the display, for I have converted them into little princesses, royal in white plush, ermine, and plumes. An old lady innocently asked Jean if I was their mother! That reminds me that my suspicion as to Mr. Julian's marriage seems quite unfounded. As we stood waiting for an omnibus homeward-bound, Grey Aytoun passed directly by us. It is very strange that this is the first time we have met since we left Shoreham. I felt my cheeks burn; I almost extended my hand. But Mr. Julian, with his peculiar command, ordained that he should merely bow and pass on. That is, I give Mr. Julian the credit of the cool greeting we all received.

Then, for the first time since the artists were quietly ejected from their studio and driven from Shoreham, Mr. Julian referred to me. "I suppose, Miss Cambreling," he said, "that those young men, whom my mother was imprudent enough to receive in her family last Summer, feel entitled to claim your acquaintance?"

I could not help smiling.

"I suppose they do, sir?"

"It would not be unpleasant to you to admit their claim?" with the coolest deference in his inquiry.

"I liked both Mr. Hollister and Mr. Aytoun," I said.

I fancy Mr. Julian thought there was something bold in my reply.

"I shall then accord the permission to call which they have both asked of me," he remarked, gravely.

They had asked permission to call! I scarcely understood the words at first, and when I did, I could not hold back the delicious, surging happiness in my heart. Oh, if Mr. Julian could know that it was life itself to me to think I was going to see him again—to know that he had not forgotten me! Fortunately, Mr. Julian cannot know—neither he nor any one else.

"Miss Cambreling," he pursued, after a pause, "I am going to take the liberty to give you some advice. These young men are the first of any attraction you have ever known. I should be loth to depreciate any one unjustly or ignorantly, but Mr. Grey Aytoun impresses me as that despicable thing, a male flirt. My mother, moreover, tells me that he is poor—has no resources but his uncertain and still unattained profession. I beg your pardon, my dear young lady, if I am wounding you, but it has seemed to me best to perhaps protect your happiness by a few words. I have not referred to Mr. Aytoun's poverty unadvisedly either, for I am somewhat observing, and I find that you are peculiarly dependent upon the surroundings of wealth."

I felt very strangely during this harangue. "Mr. Aytoun is nothing to me, sir," I stammered, "nor his friend either." But any one might have known I was telling a lie.

October 20th.—Well, notwithstanding Mr. Julian's permission, he does not call. Mr. Hollister came and spent an evening last week, and took me once to the opera. There we saw Aytoun with a lady. I was miserable all the evening. I should rather have been at home crying than sitting there.

November 1st.—After weeks of watching and waiting, I have seen Aytoun. He has spent an evening with me—that is, he came at nine o'clock, in irreproachable toilet, cambric cravat, gloves and cane, and staid till ten. Mrs. Julian was present, and I was ashamed that I had confessed to ever liking him. I studied him in a sort of stupor. Was it the same man who had swung me down the steep rocks, and wrapped me in my shawl, and read to me "Locke's Hall" and "The Duchess Mary"? I would have given the world to have been clever and vivacious and indifferent; but instead I spoke monosyllables, and—oh, I won't think of the call; it was too hateful! Better keep my dream for ever, and forget that there is a reality—only that is the way one gets to be a sharp old maid by-and-by.

November 20th.—Mr. Hollister comes regularly to see us. To-night I have promised to sit to him for my picture.

December 20th.—Busy and miserable for the past month. The children are spoiled with excitement, and hard to manage; and my nerves, when they should be coolest, are all unstrung. What does Grey Aytoun mean? He liked me at Shoreham—more than liked me. Nothing can undo that. Now he treats me with the most frigid ceremony. Is he afraid that I shall presume (?) upon our intimacy, or is it his fashion to love and "ride away"? . . . My picture progresses. It is to be "Expectation"—a woman looking off at the rippled sea. My sittings seem to lead to an intimacy for which I was unprepared. Ralph Hollister is a sort of Good Genius to me. I come away from him with more faith and hope and charity in my heart than I go in with.

January 2d.—What I have feared and dreaded for a month past has transpired. . . . Ralph Hollister has offered himself to me—and I have accepted him. It has just been done. I feel the print of his kiss on my cheek still, the pressure of his hand. It is too soon, too sudden for me to analyze motives, calculate consequences. I only know that it is done—that there will be something other than this dreary every-day heart-break for my future; something besides dull duties and pinching economies. This morning was to be my last sitting. I was late, and had walked rapidly. Just as I was turning from the street into the studio, I found myself face to face with Grey Aytoun.

"You are sitting to Hollister for a picture?" he said, almost savagely, confronting me.

I bowed coldly, and tried to pass.

"He is to be envied so fair a subject," sneered Aytoun.

"Mr. Aytoun," I replied, "your opinion has not been called for."

"That is true. I beg your pardon, Miss Cambreling. You shall not have occasion to reprove me again."

He bowed and was gone. He is indignant that my heart is not broken because he "rides away." I went into the studio trembling and flashing with temper and disappointment. Hollister got to work quietly, and painted in silence for an hour. Then he laid down his brushes and thanked me.

"It will not be necessary, Miss Cambreling, for you to come again." I did not notice for the moment the stress he laid on one word. "But you do not know," he added, "how hard it is for me to say so."

I don't know how it came after that, but he was pouring forth the story of his love. It disgusts me to remember how cool I was—how I weighed chances as I listened. He is too good



to be trifled with. May heaven forgive me! Would that I had never known that he was rich!

January 3d.—I scarce know how to write of what has just happened, and still less how to meet it and think of it. Yet it must be met, and thought of and acted upon, and that without counsel from anybody. While I was dressing this morning, a note was brought to me. Here it is. Can I see it, decipher it, again?

"Since yesterday I have thought of nothing but the sharp words which I spoke and you answered. Laura, you were unjust to me. And I—what have I been to you? I am coming to tell you. You must see me at ten o'clock."

"AYTOUN."

At ten o'clock I went down to the parlor to meet him. He stood in the middle of the floor, towering, imperious. But he put his hands out.

"Could you ever forgive me?"

I was trying to smile. His face frightened the smile away.

"For what, Mr. Aytoun?"

"For being a fool! For loving you madly, and for letting my jealousies and suspicions keep me away from you?"

"It is too late to forgive you for keeping away."

"What do you mean?"

"I have no longer the right to have you come."

"You are false, then, after all?" He staggered a step away.

"False! To you?"

"You knew I loved you."

"How should I?"

He advanced toward me, mesmerized me with his strange look, seized my hands, threw them from him, and was gone. I stood and waited a long time—I scarcely know how long. He will never come back.

January 4th.—A day and night have gone. Just one thing shows clear to me in this obscurity—I cannot marry Ralph Hollister. . . . I have written him that I wish to see him. I think I have hinted that something has wrought a change.

January 5th.—He has been and gone. That much is over. He showed himself just as delicate, and true as I ever believed him. I think I shielded my detestable calculations more than I had any right to. I murmured something about being betrayed by my friendship into imagining a warmer feeling. But some time I shall tell him that was not true.

"But, Laura, if no other has a place before me?" he said.

"Another has a place before you, Ralph."

"You will be happy, then, and I shall try to be."

"I shall never be happy. My affections belong to one who can never be anything to me."

"Laura, may I know—"

"It is Grey Aytoun."

April.—When Ralph Hollister and I parted, last January, we agreed to remain friends. This has caused him to call two or three times to see me. He called this morning. I saw from his face that he had something to tell. It came out, by-and-by: "Aytoun has gone abroad, Laura, for three years."

Some way the question of means struck me. I, who always have to consider means, and who hate to do so. "Has he commissions?"

"No! he goes for study. He is able, you see, with his long purse, to do what I may never hope for."

"His long purse? He is not rich."

"He is a millionaire."

Ralph was watching me keenly. I do not have disguises from him any more. "I thought it was you. I knew one of you was rich, and the other poor."

"Yes; I have discovered that you knew. That was the basis of the trouble. But Aytoun would come back to you with one word—that you were free."

"What do you mean by the basis of the trouble?"

"Laura, Aytoun found out that you had discovered our secret. He found out also that you supposed it was I who had a fortune—not him. He let it go. He fancied he would test you. The opportunity just suited his suspicious nature. Then, because he is suspicious, he went all astray. He fancied from the moment you made your discovery that you began to look coldly upon him and favorably on me. He watched you, not realizing how his own caprice would affect you, and found his suspicions confirmed by your visits to my studio, and the rest."

I had a dull pain across my temples. "And this can never be set right," I said, half to myself.

"Oh, yes, it can. The fact that you broke such an engagement as you made with me, still supposing me a millionaire, is proof that you had no mercenary motives. I went down the bay with him to-day," Mr. Hollister continued; "it was on the pilot's boat he told me all this. Laura, you love him; he loves you. A word will bring you together. Let me speak it. Let me tell him that you are free."

"I am not free. I am to marry Mr. Julian at midsummer."

A look almost of disgust crossed Ralph Hollister's face. "It is because you are desperate, Laura Cambreling!"

"No!" I shrugged my shoulders. "I want to be gratified. I have never been gratified in anything. I am tired of waiting. I shall do better as Mr. Julian's wife than as his governess. It is nearer my rôle."

"Oh, Laura, what a bitter voice! what hollow eyes."

"Hush. There is a line even you must not trespass over."

"Laura, I want to believe in you."

"To-night I will send you last year's diary. I am willing that you should know me as I am."

"What are you reading there, so intently?"

It was Grey Aytoun, who had left the dinner

party below and found his way to my den, who interrupted me with his demand.

"It is Laura Cambreling's diary."

"Ah, you possess it, I suppose, as the companion-piece to her portrait! I presume one shows her false as the other does fair."

"I think both show her in her true colors."

"Heartless and avaricious?"

"Not at all. Only ardent, clever and helpless."

"Why do you call her Laura Cambreling?"

"That is her name."

"And Edward Julian?"

"Was thrown from his carriage and killed the week that his notes were protested and his wedding to take place."

"Dramatic!"

"Yes; and Laura for the past three years and over, which have passed since, has devoted herself without any recompense to the children; sharing the economy of their home and eking out the slender means by her own outside efforts."

"I have wronged her, then! I should have come home sooner if I had known," said Aytoun, softly.

"It is time enough; two such natures need tempering and toning before they come together. You have both tested your hearts and tempers now, and can tell how far to trust them."

"I shall trust mine far enough to throw them at Laura Cambreling's feet to-morrow."

## YOUNG NEGROES RETURNING FROM WORK.

A STREET SCENE IN RICHMOND, VA.

Work is over, and the juvenile colored inhabitants of Richmond, Va., are "homeward bound," after their day's labors. The expressions on the faces of these young negroes are varied. The careworn look on the one in the centre, who trudges along beneath his burden of kindling-wood, heedless of all around, contrasts strikingly with the merry look of one of his co-laborers, who is in the height of glee, and is performing one of Beethoven's symphonies on the surface of a tin kettle. Another cheerful sight is presented by that mischievous youth, who, in dancing a jig, brings his leg too closely in contact with the hip of his friend. The latter, who fails to see the joke, "goes for" the leg, but is unable to fell his adversary, from the fact that the latter, to save himself, has caught hold of the aggressor's shirt, and is holding on to it with all his might, thus meriting the applause and approbation of an interested bystander. Going from one extremity to the other, let us leave their faces, and look at their heels and toes. Let us sympathize with the poor sufferer with the bandaged toe; and let us hope that new shoes may ere long adorn the feet of these rollicking, yet hard-working, youngsters.

## THE VIENNA LADY ORCHESTRA.

NOVELTY, when accompanied with talent, in the musical or theatrical world, may always be considered a guarantee of success. And, in the present instance, Mr. Rullmann has presented Concert-going New York with so undeniable a novelty, that his success throughout the United States, in the Season which has just opened, must be regarded as an assured thing.

Had he offered us a black-coated and bespectacled orchestra, composed of the best Viennese players, his success would have been problematical. We should have pursued our lips, shaken our heads, and pointed to Thomas's Orchestra or our own Philharmonic. But he has done nothing of the sort. More than a score of young ladies, most of them on the younger side of twenty years of age, generally graceful and good-looking, with sparkling eyes, flowing hair and nimble fingers—some of them first-rate solo performers, combined in an orchestra, under the baton of a lady, constitute this novelty. Of course, the orchestra is deficient in wind-instruments. Can it be supposed that a girl possessed of good looks and youth would disfigure her cheeks by distending them, in producing melody on the French Horn or the Trombone? Decidedly not. She would not have brass enough in her composition to do it. But, we own that it is a pleasure to our eyes as well as our ears when Miss Leopoldine or Miss Aurelia are playing the violin—that Miss Thekla bewitches us as much by the delicate outline of her face while teaching the flute to make melody, and that we relish Miss Johanna's Harp-playing, not perhaps as critically as we have done Mr. Aptommas's, but, aesthetically, more so.

Seriously speaking, although an unbalanced orchestra in its composition, it is artistically a very brilliant one, and presents us with some first-rate orchestral players.

We would instance Miss Leopoldine, the leading First Violin, as an admirable member of the orchestra, and a first-class soloist on her instrument, while the violoncello of Miss Elise is to the full as purely played. Upon the first evening, Monday, September 11th, when their concert took place, scarcely any doubt can exist but that the feeling of the audience was merely one of curiosity, and the smiles of the crowded auditorium of Steinway Hall when the orchestra appeared, might have given token that there was a liberal tendency on the part of the spectators to treat the whole matter as an amusing rather than an artistic musical evening.

This was, however, soon dispelled. Thin as the Overture to *Nabucco* doubtless was, it was admirably played, and the Waltz by Miss Wemlich, the conductress, and the Fantasia on the violoncello by Kummer, translated by Miss Elise—settled the question as to their success.

It was not simply the Ladies' Orchestra which formed the principal attraction of the evening. In addition, Mr. Rullmann offered the

public the freshest baritone, as well as one of the best, now in the country—Mr. Jacob Müller, who at once installed himself as a favorite with the audience, while the twelve-year-old soprano, Miss Elzer, became a remarkable success. Approaching much more nearly to a contralto character of voice than to that of a soprano, this young lady is a finished artist—so finished, indeed, that we can scarcely believe her so young as she is said to be. Her first aria, from Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," decided her merit with those who heard her; and when she afterward sang the *Mandolinata* of Paladilhe, the warmth of the *encore* with which it was received stamped her success most approvingly. Not a voice could have been found in the Hall to deny her singular power and execution, although many might have been heard doubting the age attributed to her by her instructor.

After this, we again received on the stage the Lady Orchestra: first, the Overture to "Dichter und Bauer," still betraying the blemish of a lack of wind-instruments. This was, however, followed by the "Ave Maria" by Ochlschlegel, a Trio—capitally played, and two Waltzes by Strauss, which were rendered with true Viennese verve and *espiguerie*, confirming the thorough success artistically, as well as a novelty, of the Ladies' Orchestra. Indeed, we cannot imagine that it should have been otherwise. A lovelier group of musicians has never appeared to any audience, and if Mr. Rullmann had to encounter many difficulties in getting them to visit the United States, we honestly believe that his trouble will be well repaid by the attraction they must produce, wherever they appear. Money is necessarily the main object of any *impresario*, and we can scarcely suppose that fair looks and talent combined should not produce him this—more especially their fair looks, their quaintly handsome toilets, and their youth, than even their decided talent.

## PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

ALEXANDER MICHAELOWITSCHE, more familiarly known in the world of diplomacy as Prince Gortschakoff, is a cousin of the famous defender of Sebastopol. He was born in 1798, and received his education at the celebrated Lyceum of Tsarsko-Selo. His public career was opened at an early age by his appointment as *attaché* to M. Nesselrode, subsequently Minister of Foreign Affairs, at the Congress of Laybach and Verona. He became secretary to the Russian Ambassador at London in 1824, where, besides applying himself closely to his official duties, he entered upon the study of foreign languages. Six years later he was *chargé d'affaires* to the Court of Tuscany, and was attached for the first time in 1832 to the Legation at Vienna, where the death of his superior, the Russian Ambassador, gave him great influence. In 1841 he was sent on a mission to Stuttgart, where he negotiated the marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia with the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, and received therefor the title of Privy Councillor. During the events of 1848 and 1849, Prince Gortschakoff maintained a dignified neutrality, but it is rumored that in 1850 he exercised some influence in procuring the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand I. in favor of his nephew, Francis Joseph. The Prince was Ambassador at Vienna during the dispute respecting the Eastern question, and it was at his instance that the Russian Government accepted the four points which formed the basis of the Conference of Paris in 1856. From this post he was recalled to St. Petersburg in 1857, to replace Nesselrode as Minister for Foreign Affairs. A proclamation of his, very hostile to the Western Powers, during the Sicilian and Neapolitan revolution, excited much attention, and his policy during the Polish insurrection of 1863 has been much commented upon. The Prince's name has been more prominently before the public of late than at any time since his famous letter of 1863, in which he politely urged upon Austria, England, and France the propriety of studying their own national problems, rather than probing too deeply the domestic affairs of Russia.

Our readers will remember the excitement occasioned by the sudden publication of his Note last Winter, in which he announced that Russia demanded the abrogation of Article III. of the treaty of 1856, which opens the Black Sea to merchant-vessels, but closes it to naval fleets. In consequence of this intimation, a conference was held in London, commencing January 17th, at which there were representatives from Turkey, Austro-Hungary, Russia, Germany, Italy, and England—the chair for France being unoccupied by reason of the war. It is said that the Russians have studiously avoided the provisions of the Article by keeping upon the Black Sea a large fleet of stanch vessels subsidized by the Imperial family, unarmed, and controlled by sailors retired from the navy for the purpose, and so arranged that while plying ostensibly in a mercantile traffic, they could, at a moment's notice, be converted into formidable men-of-war, or put to valuable service as transports.

A few days ago a cable dispatch from Paris gave to the public the conditions of the secret treaty made between Prussia and Russia at Versailles early in the present year. It is now clearly shown that this treaty had for its object the prevention of any interference on the part of Russia in the war between France and Germany, and that since the conquest of the former country Bismarck's policy has been but too clearly seen by the Czar, who now finds himself in the same position that Napoleon III. was after the battle of Sadowa. Although it seems rather strange that a diplomatist of Prince Gortschakoff's astuteness should have been drawn into such a scheme, if we may judge from his former boldness and independence, we shall soon have another Note from the Russian Premier, taking an entirely original and unanticipated position on the subject.

## NEWS BRIEVITIES.

The State Normal School at Buffalo, N. Y., was opened September 13th.

St. Paul, Minn., prides itself on a case of Asiatic cholera.

The last duel in New Orleans: weapons, swords; wounds, each man's left leg.

The cholera is raging in Tennessee—but it is among the hogs.

STREET railways have been introduced in the island of Java—another triumph of American ideas.

THREE of the four lovers of an Illinois girl formed a syndicate against the other, and slew him when he was taking her home from a picnic.

WATER as a beverage is such a novelty in Chicago, that 28,000,000 gallons a day is found insufficient.

A MONUMENT to the memory of Hans Lipperhey, the inventor of the spyglass, is to be erected at Wesel, Germany, his native city.

A POSTMISTRESS in Virginia has vindicated woman's fitness for that position through her arrest on a charge of using canceled stamps.

AN Enoch Arden case is in process of settlement in the San Francisco courts in a truly American style. Each of the three parties sues for a divorce.

A SEMI-WEEKLY illustrated milk journal is to be published at Bantzig, Germany, on and after the 1st of October, to be devoted to the interests of milk and whey.

THE King of the Belgians has sent a letter of thanks to the crew of the United States war-steamer Junata, for saving the lives of the crew of a boat that capsized in the scheldt.

At the lunatic asylum of Leopoldfeld, Hungary, forty or fifty male inmates whose cases are not hopeless are drilled twice a week in military tactics, for the promotion of their recovery.

CORNELIUS WALSH, of Newark, and ex-Governor Joel Parker, of Frechold, have received the gubernatorial nominations in New Jersey, by the Republican and Democratic parties respectively.

THE Spanish Minister of the Interior has issued an order for the dismissal of all police inspectors who have failed to execute the orders of the Government in relation to suppressing gambling-houses.

It is announced that the Prussian Government is considering the appointment of a general commission for the supervision of all the railways throughout the country. This step is taken on account of the frequent accidents which have recently occurred.

THE Mont Cenis Tunnel has been successfully opened, and trains are now passing through it without delay. This tunnel, which was commenced by Cavour, and intended as a great national enterprise, to connect Piedmont and Savoy, has risen to an international importance, and has more than once been the occasion for diplomatic spats.

THE silver statue of Napoleon I., which had disappeared from the Tuilleries, and which half a dozen people have been accused of stealing, has been found. It was in an underground passage of the old Louvre, with other objects of art, and has been dug up in perfect condition. The well-known group representing the Prince Imperial playing with Nero—a favorite dog—has also been discovered in a similar spot.

A MATHEMATICIAN, who has been examining the big trees in California, and watching a fellow making canes and trinkets out of one of them, says one of the trees turned into cane, and sold at the prices at which the man and the lathe sell them, would net a sum more than sufficient to pay off the National Debt, refund every dollar stolen by dishonest officials, and leave a large sum for contingent expenses.

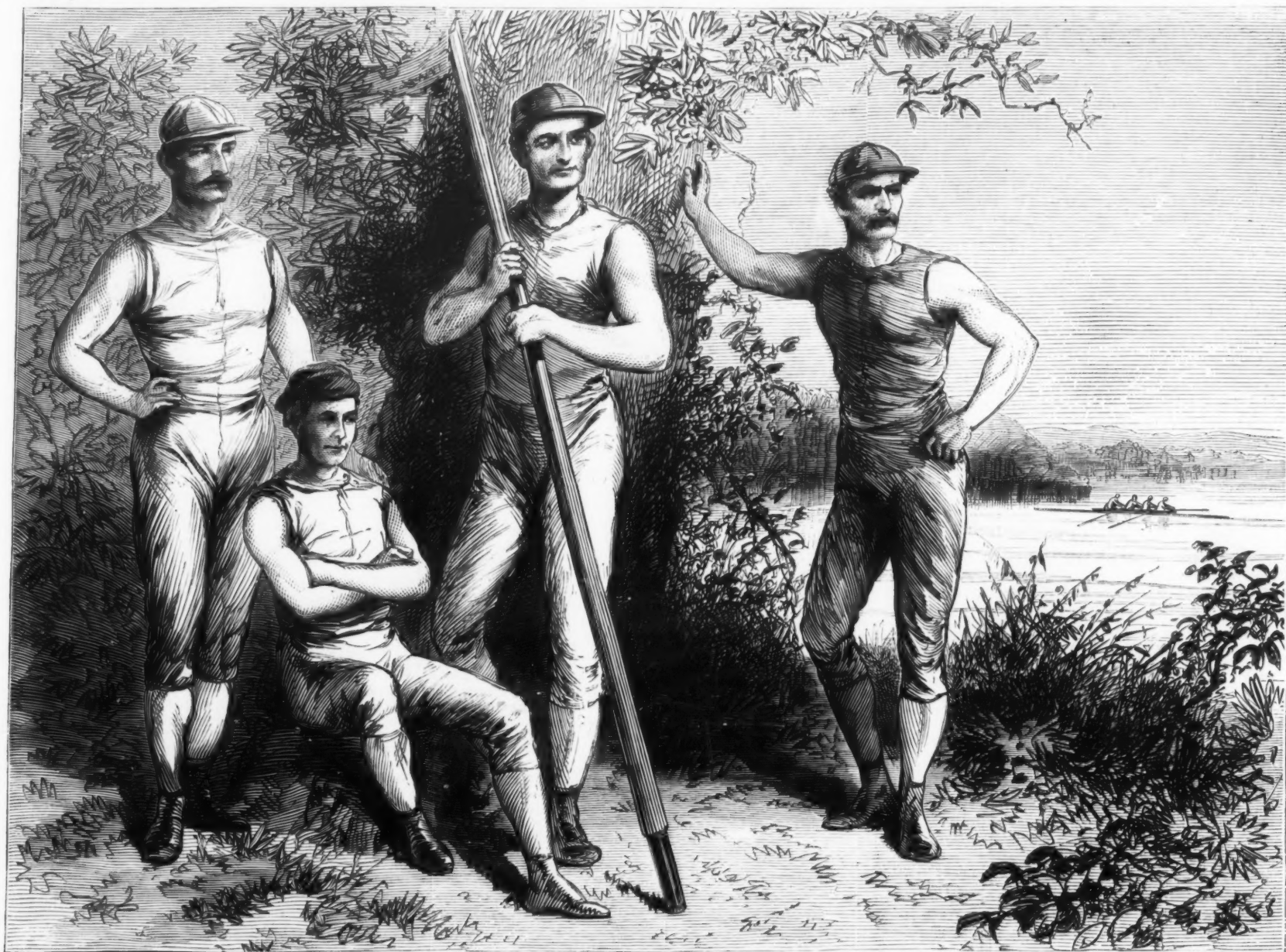
MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, who expects soon to visit this country, is now among the oldest of living historians. He is in his fifty-third year, but full of vigorous life and activity. His father was Archdeacon in the Church of England. His first published writings were several of the "Lives of the English Saints," issued in 1844, in 14 volumes. Froude drifted into rationalism before he was 30, and in 1843 printed his "Nemesis of Faith," a powerful contribution to the literature of doubt, which established the author's reputation. He abandoned all idea of the pulpit, and after contributing numerous articles to the reviews, he issued, in 1856, the first part of his "History of England" under the Tudors.

The total expenses of the Mount Cenis Tunnel amount to 65,000,000; of these 20,000,000 are to be contributed by the Victor Emmanuel Railway, or Railway of Northern Italy. This sum is to be paid on or before the opening of the tunnel. The French Government was to pay 19,000,000, if the work was accomplished within twenty years, reckoning from 1862. But if the work was accomplished at an earlier date, France bound herself to pay 500,000 more for every year gained upon the stipulated time. As there have been eleven years thus gained, France will have to pay 5,500,000, besides the 20,000,000 of the original stipulation. She has, besides, to pay five per cent. interest on the money due for the work as it proceeded from year to year. Thus Italy will pay something less than 20,000,000.

GARRICK'S BOW.—The *Fortnightly Review* recently gave some translations by the Hon. Robert Lytton, from the letters of one Lichtenberg, now forgotten, in which that gentleman gives an account of Garrick's acting: "There is in his physiognomy, his figure, and his gait, a peculiar distinction and charm which I have just now and then noticed in a few Frenchmen, but have never noticed in another Englishman. . . . For instance, when he turns to salute any one, it is not only his head and shoulders, or arms and legs, that come into play, but all these, all together, and every other part of the man, that simultaneously and harmoniously contribute, each its special grace, to the most refined expression of a supreme courtesy, such as could not be surpassed by the greatest grand seigneur of the court of Louis XIV. There is no man in England who can make Garrick's bow."

SEVEN survivors of a party of Italian banditti have just been released from prison after an incarceration of forty-seven years. The chief is named Antonio Gasparone. Themselves a wonder to the world, these old ruffians gazed upon the world with wonder, the discoveries of our age—gas-lights, steam-engines, telegraph-wires, photographic apparatus, and especially revolvers—filling them with as much surprise as if they were the Seven Sleepers just roused from a half-century's slumbers. All this, however, would have passed through their minds merely as a matter of speculation; for, otherwise, these aged pensioners are now not only perfectly harmless, but even piously inclined. In something less than forty-eight hours they had already visited most of the Roman churches; and Gasparone—even he who had imbrued his hands and arms in blood to the elbows—wore scapularies, mumbled his *Ave Marias*, never "worked" on Saturday, being the day consecrated to the Virgin, and is at present wholly bent on "making his soul;" and, to obtain leisure for the purpose, has in the meantime hired himself out as a model to some French artists, who want his fine patriarchal head to personify Moses in the Wilder-





Gilbert.

Ellis.

Joshua.

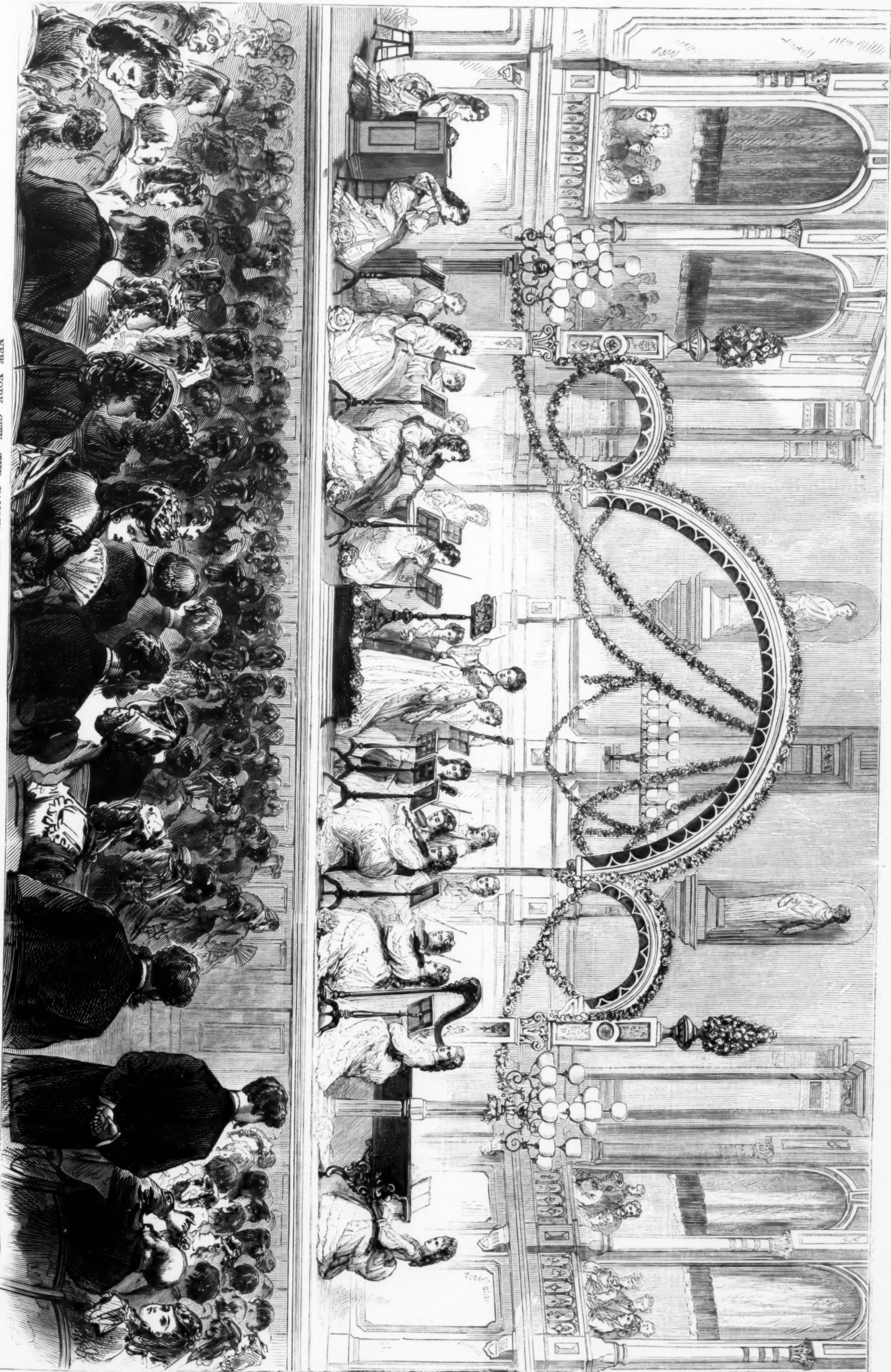
Henry.

THE WARD BROTHERS, VICTORS AT THE LATE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA AT SARATOGA—THE CHAMPION OARSMEN OF THE WORLD.—SEE PAGE 37.



VIRGINIA.—A GROUP OF YOUNG NEGROES RETURNING FROM WORK—STREET SCENE IN RICHMOND.—SEE PAGE 39.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE FAMOUS VIENNA LADY ORCHESTRA, NOW PERFORMING AT STEINWAY HALL.—SEE PAGE 39.



## MARIAN MAY.

MARIAN MAY was our hamlet's pride,  
Worthy a queen to be,  
For of all the maids in the country-side  
Was none so fair as she.

Now the lawyer had plenty of golden store,  
Such as for him was meet;  
And he wished no better, and asked no more,  
Than to lay it all at her feet.

But she put his gifts and his vows aside,  
Laughing, and out spake she:  
"I never was born for a rich man's bride,  
So I cannot mate with thee."

The parson he came, with his face so grave,  
Gentle and sleek and prim,  
And said the best way her soul to save  
Was to take and marry him.

But she only opened her eyes full wide,  
Wondering, and quoth she,  
"Were there never a man in the world beside,  
You'd be far too good for me!"

The colonel he swore a right round oath—  
"Little one, be my wife!  
I've scars and a pension enough for both,  
If you'll share a soldier's life."

He vowed that he would not be denied,  
Low on his bended knee;  
But she tossed her head with a pretty pride,  
Said, "I never will wed with thee!"

Robin came back from the sea one day,  
Out of the distant west,  
And the child with whom he used to play,  
A woman he clasped to his breast.

She sobbed and kissed, and she laughed and  
cried—

"Welcome, my love," said she;  
"For woe or for weal, and whate'er betide,  
I will fare the world through with thee!"

## MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"  
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT HOME.

THE tour that is generally a foretaste of heaven to young brides, was a foretaste of Hades to Gertrude. She was so unconditionally wretched the whole time she was away, that it seemed to her as if she must be happier, in some slight degree, when she went home. At any rate, when she got to Albridge she would be within reach of her mother and sister, and from them she would at times surely hear of him. This was the drop of sweetness in the bitter cup she had pledged herself to drain. She would sometimes hear of him; that was all she dared to ask of Fate now, for, of course, she would never see him again.

So she resolved before she went back to Albridge; before she knew anything of the life she would have to lead there. Between her husband and herself there had sprung up a great reserve about the future. He was a man who dealt chiefly with facts in his conversation, and the future was not a fact yet. And on her there was such a dread of the future that she dared not discuss it.

She grew very pale and thin during that tour—so pale and thin that Guy resented it on an average once during every meal.

"Why don't you eat and drink, Gerty?" he would ask. And at last, the day before they came home, he added: "It's my opinion that you're crying after spilt milk still!"

This was a hard speech to bear, but she bore it, remembering that all her life long she would have to bear speeches that were kindred to it.

Her home was prettier than she had anticipated finding it. Her father and mother and sister palpably considered that much compensation was due to her, for they had sent her rich store of the graceful things which cultivated women like. All Mrs. Oliver's heavy, handsome, vulgar, polished furniture was removed, and old oak and tasteful chintzes and harmonious colors reigned in its stead.

"It looks to me like half worn out rubbish!" Guy said, scornfully surveying some of it the day after their return. "I'd ten times rather your father had given me the money he's spent on this trash, and let me get what I liked!"

And Gertrude bore this also.

She bore something else, too. Barren Honor had been sent over during her absence, and old Mrs. Oliver, who was managing the farm while Guy was away, had taken it upon herself to do a deed that made Gertrude feel that she had, indeed, gone into slavery. Old Mrs. Oliver had no idea of a horse standing in the stable and eating his head off.

"We're told not to eat the bread of idleness ourselves," she said; "and brute beasts certainly shan't, when I can help it!"

So Barren Honor, whose silken sides had never been degraded by traces before, was broken to harness, and put into a tax-cart; and, on the very day of Gertrude's return, was sent to market with butter and poultry for the first time.

Gertrude heard of this insult to her horse at supper, the first night in her new home. The Olivers had come in to greet their son and brother and his bride, and Louisa thought it a good joke to punish Gerty for looking so ill and superior to them all, by telling her what had been done.

Gertrude's face flamed, but she only said: "I am sorry papa sent the horse. I hope he will take him back."

"Indeed, then, he won't!" Guy said, roughly. "He's given the horse to my wife, and so it has become my property. I shall keep the horse, if you don't want to ride it!"

"Well, I should think you wouldn't think of keeping a riding-horse expressly for Gerty's riding!" his mother interrupted. "Very inconsiderate of Gerty to want you to do it!"

"I don't want him to do it," Gerty said, drearily.

"Well, you see, my dear, it isn't likely you'll have much time for riding," Mrs. Oliver said, in a slightly modified tone. "You'll find, by the time you have looked over and right-sided things in the morning, that it will be getting on to dinner. You see, there's the dairy and as beautiful a stock of poultry as ever I beheld, and they'll take time if they're to be made profitable. If I were you, too, I should have one day in the week for seeing to the house-linen, and another day for looking over Guy's clothes and your own. Then there's the washing to be looked out and put away (you'll make your servants do the washing?—I did!), and—oh, law!—now you're a wife and the mistress of a house, you'll never have an idle hour!"

The list of duties so unrolled seemed a fearfully long one, but poor Gerty bore it. She was getting strangely humble, Louisa Oliver thought. What would rouse Gerty to such a retort as should justify them in making her feel that she had the Oliver curb on now?

They found out what would do it, the following day. These sisters of the man she had married in her madness—the madness of her mistaken zeal for Edward Maskleyne—seemed disposed to bestow much of their society upon her. They came up to see "how she was getting on," as they phrased it, directly after breakfast, and loitered about the house the whole morning, hindering her in the pursuance of some plans she had formed relative to rearranging her furniture.

Don't we all know what it is to suffer the suppressed agonies which uncongenial companionship causes us to endure? More especially do we writhe under it when we feel that, in the order of things, we are liable to any number of repetitions of the strain on our endurance. Poor Gerty goaded herself almost frantic by incessantly reminding herself that these girls would most likely so mar all the mornings of her future life. There was no reason that could ever be made apparent to the Oliver mind why they should not come. Albridge was their father's house, and had been their home since their birth. All the interests of their lives were concentrated on this spot. Guy was their only brother, and, after the Oliver fashion, they were fond of him. It would be unnatural, unladylike, unwomanly, to hint to them that they were superfluous. And still, she could hardly train herself down to that passive endurance of them which, if they would it, might pass muster for a welcome.

The poor young wife, who was looking forward with horror rather than happiness to her husband's return at one o'clock to dinner, was hopeful about twelve, when she saw her sisters-in-law putting on their hats, that they were about to depart, and that she at least would have an hour of peace. But she wronged and underrated their powers of annoyance.

"Take a turn round the garden with us before we go, Gerty; I want to show you how we have had the new flower-beds laid out," Louisa Oliver said, and Gertrude feebly excused herself on the score of being tired.

"Tired; oh! I am sorry for that; I was in hopes you would have driven us up to Treverton in the afternoon; I want to see some of the wedding-things so much!"

"What wedding-things?" Gertrude asked, sharply.

"Miss Mohan's. She's trying to popularize herself by having some of her *trousseau* from the Treverton milliners."

"Miss Mohan's?" No written characters can express the agony of hopelessness there was in the tone in which she asked this. She knew what the next sentence would inform her of; but all the same she winced, in pure anguish, when Louisa replied:

"Why, yes; hasn't your cousin kept you informed of what has been going on? I thought you and he were so very intimate, that at least he would have written to tell you that he is going to marry the great heiress and beauty, Maud Mohan."

This was the blow she could not bear. Sick and shivering, with despair in her eyes and her heart, she, the wife of another man, sank down under the news that he "was going to bury his dead." That he who had loved her so passionately, pleaded to her so passionately only the other day, was going to make another woman his wife "so soon." In that last fact was the chief venom of the sting. If he had only waited until she had grown accustomed to think of him as another man's wife—might think without reproach!

But he had not so waited, and she was told of the fact with a crude abruptness that in itself was bad to bear. She knew full well that her love for her cousin Edward had been patent to all those who had seen them together. And she also knew that Louisa Oliver was inwardly gloating over the downfall it must have been to her (Gerty's) ambition, as well as a cruel wrench to her heart, when she married the pertinacious Guy. To be told of it, therefore, by Louisa Oliver, infused an extra flavor of bitterness into her cup, and for once she could not master her emotions.

They were standing by one of the handsome old oak couches that her father had sent in, when the tidings were told to her, and she sank down on it at once, startled, pained, stung out of all sense of the necessity there was for concealment.

"To be married to Miss Mohan! It can't be true—not yet, at least!" she gasped out.

"Nonsense, Gerty!" Louisa said, sharply; "why can't it be true, when I tell you it is true—and what 'yet' is there in the case? On

my word," she continued, reproachfully. "I am glad Guy isn't here to see you make an exhibition of improper feeling about it; we all know that you tried hard enough to get Sir Edward; but since you couldn't, and married Guy instead, I for one think it more than odd that you should begin moaning when you hear he is going to marry another girl."

Sheer astonishment at the presumption of the speaker kept Gerty quiet while these words were being uttered. But when they were all dealt out, she flamed up in a way that cowed Miss Oliver for a while.

"How dare you take that tone with me!" she said, speaking in a rapid rush, and yet articulating with a fatally clear distinctness that left her hearers no room for thinking she did not mean what she said. "How dare you take that tone with me? As your brother's wife, since you have so insulted me with respect to Sir Edward Maskleyne, I forbid you to mention his name to me. Since you know so much of my affairs, I will inform you still further. If ever a man coerced a woman into marrying him, knowing well the while that she rather loathed than loved him, that man is your brother Guy. Remember that fact before you revile me again."

"Really, Gerty—" Louisa began, pacifically; but Gertrude was roused too thoroughly; she would not hear her.

"Don't apologize, or explain, or anything of that sort," she interrupted, intemperately; "I hate everything of the kind; temporizing is always odious to me; and about this matter, I'd scorn to do it. I know what you think of me now, and you know what I think of my marriage."

"Tray don't excite yourself," Carry interposed. "What will Guy think when he comes in?"

"Think? he shall know!" Gerty sobbed, covering her face with her hands. "Do let me be alone now; do go out in the garden by yourselves. I must be alone." And she started up and ran quickly to her own bedroom, the door of which she barred. And then she flung herself by the side of the bed, and prayed with all the intensity of her fervid nature to be enabled to bear this agony, and to be kept an honorable woman in heart as well as in act.

"I hope I shall never see them," she wailed; "I hope he will be pitiful enough to keep out of my way, and to keep her out of my sight; Oh! Maud Mohan—Maud Mohan! do you know of that woman in the little cottage near Haddingham—that lovely woman with the Southern, beautiful face, and the little child, called Edward too?—do you know of that woman, and will you risk all things for the sake of being his wife?" Then she lay down, a mass of misery and disordered drapery, on the floor, and wondered—wondered whether it would not have been wiser had she, too, disregarded appearances, and clung to Edward through doubt and evil as well as good report.

Too late! too late! for such thoughts to enter in. She had done the deed herself which separated them. That slender bar of gold on her finger was the sign of her self-imposed slavery; and it was, or at least it would be, an impassable barrier against all thoughts of any other than the one who had put it there. As this conviction crossed her mind, her system received something of an electric shock. Was it not outside all the bounds of possibility that she should ever come to love her husband? Did she not shrink from the idea of ever doing so as from degradation?

Oh! poor, misguided woman, wrestling now in the fierce pangs that the noblest passion with which we are endowed inflicts upon us the moment it is foiled! pray rather for any other panacea for your woe than this, that you remain indifferent to your husband. Tearing a passion to tatters, as you are doing now, with the memory of all your wrongs upon you strongly, pray that love for Guy may come, whatever refinement of feeling on your part must vanish beforehand. Otherwise, Gertrude—child of a house where all the men are brave and the women virtuous—you are in appalling danger!

She rose at last, and bathed her tear-stained face, and rearranged her dress, and prepared herself to go down to the hot early dinner which custom had established as the proper thing to eat at Albridge. And she was only just in time, for the dinner was on the table, and Guy was coming into the room by another door that opened into a path that led away to the farmyard, when she entered it. He was looking bright and cheerful, full of health and activity. Things had gone well in his absence, and he came in not unnaturally expecting sympathy from his wife.

"Everything is looking remarkably well," were his first words, "thanks to my mother, I believe. I made a wonderfully good deal today; got four South Devons, four fourteen apiece."

"Oh!" she said, languidly.

"What have you been doing with yourself, Gerty?" he asked, irritably. "Haven't the girls been in to see you? You seem to have been moping?"

"They have been here, and I think they made me mope," she said, putting down her spoon and pushing her soup-plate away from her. The cookery at Albridge was not appetizing to her. It was meaty-strong, coarse, and full of high flavors. "They would give me their opinions on certain subjects, and I objected to it."

"What subjects?" he asked, looking up dubiously at her under his whity-brown eyelashes.

Chiefly this: Louisa chose to deride me for the—the—relations that formerly existed between my cousin, Sir Edward Maskleyne (how bravely she named him, in spite of Guy's lowering brow!) and myself; and further, she chose to revile me for betraying the painful interest I felt when I heard he was going to be married. I said I should tell you, for there need be no misconceptions between us."

"On my word, you have laid the train for the

explosion of a nice little family scandal, Gerty," he said, angrily.

"Nonsense!" she said, sharply. "If you want me to retain one atom of respect for you, don't take that tone. You know, better than I can tell you, what influences you brought to bear upon me to induce me to consent to marry you. I married you for love of my cousin Edward, and you know it; and you knew it all the time."

After this, and sundry other speeches of the same kind, it may be surmised that the dinner was not a pleasant one. The wife had thrown down the gauntlet, and though the husband had not actually picked it up, still it was always open to him to do so. The words said by Gerty, in her first burst of wounded, outraged, jealous feelings, would stand against her always in his mind. Nothing that she could do, or say, or feel, could ever obliterate them.

"If you married me for love of your cousin Edward," as you somewhat incoherently put it," he sneered, "I'll take care you have no chance of keeping up the feeling by seeing him again."

"I hope to heaven I never shall!" she muttered; and she believed then that she meant it.

That same day, Maud Mohan, the happiest bride-elect in England, made a pretty, petting request to her lover. They were to be married in about a fortnight, and this was Maud's last day as a guest at Colton Towers. On the morrow she was going back to town, there to wait until Sir Edward came to take her for good and all to himself.

"Dear Ted," she said to him, "I don't want to probe any old feeling, or make a 'study' of your customs—you know that; but if you could, between this and our marriage, meet your cousin Gertrude in friendship, I think the crowning brick would be placed on my palace of happiness. Will you do this?"

"If I meet her at all, it will certainly be in friendship," he answered, slowly.

"Do you mean that you would rather not meet her?" she asked, quickly.

"I mean that, in the order of things, I am not likely to be thrown in her way, and, all things considered, it is better so, I think. Her husband" (how he hated speaking of Guy as such! how he had to school himself to do it!)—"her husband is not the sort of man I could ever make a friend of, and—well, to tell the truth, Maud, there would always be a feeling of constraint about our intercourse, if there were nothing worse."

"Nothing worse?" she repeated, interrogatively.

"Ay!" he said, recklessly. "You're not going to marry a modern St. Kevin, dear. Gertrude has been too dear to me, for me to see her as an unhappy wife, with impunity; and unhappy I know she will be. I'm convinced of it, and should be convinced of it though all the angels in heaven swore to the contrary."

Maud looked at him thoughtfully for a few moments, but did not speak.

"You knew this before, Maud," he said, half reproachfully; "when I asked you to be my wife, I was frank enough; surely, dear, that very frankness, and the openness with which I am treating you now, ought to inspire you with trust in me, if you have any knowledge of men at all."

"I will trust you," she said, holding her hand out to him; "but, Ted (excuse me)—but it seems to me that it would be the grander and more manly thing to do, to fight this feeling and to kill it, than to give in to it. What will she think if you shrink from meeting her? Why, naturally she will think that you love her still; and, Ted, I don't want any woman to feel that about my husband. Besides, why should it be out of the order of things that we should meet? Is she to be cut off from her own class—from her own family, simply because she has married a man who is inferior to her? Why, that view of the case must have been put before you by your mother; it could never have emanated from yourself!"

So she urged, persuaded, pleaded. In her fearless mind there was no danger—there could be no danger—in the renewal of friendly intercourse between the cousins. Moreover, she liked Gertrude for her beauty and cultivation and agreeable social qualities. And as her (Miss Mohan's) lines were to be cast in the neighborhood, it seemed to her a hard thing that she should be debarred from the pleasantest female companionship that neighborhood supplied.

"Bury your dead, Ted dear," she said, laughingly; "I'm not a jealous woman, and I mean to be Mrs. Oliver's chief friend, if she will have me."

And by this, and sundry other speeches of the same sort, he was won upon at length to promise that he would see Gertrude, and, by the perfect tact he would display, put their future intercourse on a good, firm, honorable basis.

So he proposed truly enough to himself.

Lady Maskleyne was almost rabid when Maud told her of the promise she (Maud) had won from Edward.

"My dear, you're a fool, and I always thought you were a sensible girl!" she rapped out, sharply; "the girl is gone out, thank goodness, from our part of the family; why on earth should we Maskleyne's chase her into the Oliver camp?"

"I have no caste prejudices," Maud replied. "And no common sense, either," Lady Maskleyne said, fretfully.

"My dear Lady Maskleyne, you talk as if Ted were in love with her," Maud cried. "Now, I pay him the compliment of believing that he is in love with me, as he tells me so."

"He is now; but those girls had got hold of him before you came down, my dear; and Gertrude flattered him into the folly of thinking he was fond of her."

"Well, anyway, she's married to another man now, so that form of flattery can't be used any more," Maud said, carelessly, and Lady Maskleyne contented herself with shaking her head over her future daughter-in-law's deplorable



ignorance of the wily habits of young married women who do not love their lords.

But good, brave, pure Maud Mohan had no doubts, no fears, no suspicion. When she was leaving him who was so soon to be her future husband, she held her sweet candid mouth up to be kissed, and whispered:

"Remember about making friends with Mrs. Oliver, Tel; it will be just one little bit of boiling surf, and then—smooth waters."

Ah! Maud little knew what it is to have loved and been loved, as Edward Maskelyne had, or she would not have pre-supposed the "smooth waters" so confidently.

Is there such a thing as accident? How little—how absolutely nothing we know about it. It was about to use the phrase, "It was an accident that brought about a meeting between Edward Maskelyne and young Mrs. Oliver, after all." But I thought better of it, and so put the fact in this way. It was no immediate will, no deliberate intention of his own, which secured the presence to him once more of the woman whom he had lately believed was going to be the star of his life.

Passing along a lane that was new to him, one afternoon—a lane whose high hedges shut out the sight of the pastures that were lying on either side—he heard a confusion of noises. There were the tramping of many feet, the lowing of excited cattle, the shrill barking of an angry, waspish little dog, and lastly, the sharp, frightened cry of a woman. He put his horse at a thin place in the hedge, and alighted the other side of it in time, and only just in time, to divert the attention of a stamping bull, who was on the point of making an angry rush at a lady. Charging the bull at once on his well-trained gallant old horse, he had the satisfaction of seeing it go off in a rocking gallop. Then he rode back to that part of the bank where the flutter of drapery showed him where the lady was resting, after the fatigue of being frightened and rescued.

Her back was toward him as he came up, but something in the line of the shoulders, something in the carriage of the head, something in the atmosphere of the woman, caused the blood to quicken in his veins.

The next moment he was doffing his hat to young Mrs. Oliver.

(To be continued.)

## JEALOUS FOR NOTHING.

"Poor Paul! It's hardly to be considered strange that I long to see him once more; hardly strange, John, that I should occasionally refer to his name."

John Chadwick heard his wife's words with gloomy silence. On his handsome, dark-bearded face there was an expression that did not at all please pretty, willful, impetuous Mrs. Chadwick, who, although four years married, was still as girlish in appearance and in character as the maiden he had wooed and won four years ago.

"Of course," the lady presently continued, taking a fierce little nibble at the muffin she had just buttered—"of course Paul is a scapegoat, and has done lots of dreadful things, and you consider it a crime to mention his name in your hearing. But, at the risk of taking away your appetite for breakfast, John, I must assert that, as my brother, I am bound to love him, and do love him—there!"

"You haven't taken away my appetite at all," remarked the husband, in by no means angry tones, while rising from the breakfast-table; "on the contrary, Eleanor, I've made an excellent meal."

Mrs. Chadwick frowned impatiently. "You're just treating me like a spoiled child John. You despise anything that I may say, as if I were too unimportant a person to get angry at."

"And pray, Eleanor, do you wish that I should get angry at you?"

Mrs. Chadwick followed her husband's example by rising from the table at this point. Then she walked toward one of the windows, and looked forth upon the outlying street.

John Chadwick stared at her for several moments in silence, and, finally, shrugging his shoulders like one who says to himself, "I fail to understand it at all," left the room.

As soon as the young wife heard the hall-door close behind her husband, she burst into a fit of illogical tears. Illogical, because if you or I had been standing beside her at that moment, and had asked the cause of her grief, she would have been puzzled to give us a satisfactory explanation of it.

She was crying because she didn't exactly like the way John treated her. This was, perhaps, the nearest approach to an absolute reason for her present tearfulness that it was in the young wife's power to find. And yet in John's behavior she could discover nothing really culpable, while, at the same time, being not so self-blinded as to her own follies but that she saw how much in her own behavior was worthy of censure. She got into rages perpetually; she led John a horrid life; she was constantly trying to quarrel with him, and she ought to be ashamed of herself. But, for all this, John treated her with a saint-like patience and sweetness that had the effect of still further irritating, rather than of pacifying her disagreeable moods.

And for this reason: his sweetness and patience seemed to her like indifference. He had, she often bitterly told herself, ceased to care for her as he had once done. Her tirades would rouse his anger easily enough if he really loved her. No, there was not an atom of love left, and she was a very pitiable woman. Perhaps somebody else had attracted him. Perhaps he was faithless to her no less in thought than in deed.

She started nervously as these last two sentences were spoken by the little silent inward voice that had begun of late to torment her so acutely. Just then there sounded a ring at the bell, and presently, a moment after she had wiped the tears from her eyes, a servant en-

tered, and informed her that Miss Tittle would like to see her in the parlor.

Now, Miss Tittle was a near neighbor of the Chadwicks, and by no means a favorite with either husband or wife, though the latter had passed many pleasant hours in listening to the gossip that she retailed for her amusement. Miss Tittle was the sort of person who knows precisely what her next-door neighbor had for dinner yesterday and is going to have to-day. Then, too, by a marvelous power of memory, she was able to recollect all the scandalous stories which had ever been told of anybody during at least forty years past. Dangerous to the last degree as a friend or even an associate, she was yet amusing and entertaining, and had it in her power to charm people by means of the very qualities which they despised.

Mrs. Chadwick found her spirits brightening perceptibly under the influence of Miss Tittle's gaiety, after about twenty minutes had been passed in that lady's society. At length, however, Miss Tittle produced a very different impression by saying the following words:

"My dear Mrs. Chadwick, your husband is quite well. I trust? I saw him last evening, though he did not see me."

"He was out last evening, but did not tell me where he went," Mrs. Chadwick had grown a trifle paler than before.

"No? Naughty man! I told you that I went to the theatre last night with the Everards. Well, on our way home, as we were going down Thirtieth Street, I happened to glance up in the direction of an open hall-door, and there, on the stoop of the house to which the door belonged, stood your husband and a lady—My dear Mrs. Chadwick, what is the matter?"

"Nothing." The young wife spoke very calmly. "Go on, if you please, Miss Tittle. You said 'my husband and a lady'?"

"Precisely, my dear. He was holding her hand, too—these last words being spoken with a little giggle, for which Mrs. Chadwick could have choked her companion—"and she was very pretty. You ought to give him a severe lecture, indeed you ought."

"You are certain that the gentleman whom you saw was my husband, Miss Tittle?"

"Quite certain, my dear. I saw him with perfect distinctness. You look so worried that I almost regret having told you anything about the matter. The lady was very probably some relative."

"He has no relatives living in New York; of that I am certain."

Eleanor Chadwick spoke these words in a hollow, absent way, while Miss Tittle (her mischievous work accomplished) rose to go.

The rest of the day was passed miserably enough by John Chadwick's wife. When he reached home that evening, a few moments before six o'clock—the hour for dinner—John Chadwick was startled to find how woe-begone a look his Eleanor was wearing.

"I thought that you would be quite recovered from your indisposition by this time," he said, quietly, while drawing off his gloves in his wife's bedchamber.

"Indisposition?" was the icily-spoken answer. "It was something a little more serious than that, I fancy." Mrs. Chadwick was staring straight past her husband, with set, stern face.

John Chadwick sighed a great sigh. Then he paced once across the room, from end to end, stopping at length in front of the chair on which his wife was seated.

"Eleanor, there must be an end to this conduct on your part." He spoke with slow, calm distinctness.

"Must!" she repeated, sneeringly.

Then the man's tones grew stern. "I use the word deliberately enough, Eleanor. I cannot have my home made the constant scene of bickering and ill-humor. God knows that if ever wife had reason to treat a husband with unvarying kindness, that wife is yourself!"

She arose, at this, with flashing eyes. "Hypocrite! you do well to stand there and feign innocence! You did well this morning to speak of my brother Paul as though he were a scoundrel!"

"He is a scoundrel!"

"Not such a scoundrel as you! For I doubt whether he would even have proved faithless to his marriage-vows as you have proved faithless!"

And then Mrs. Chadwick "let her tongue rage like a fire" through several very angry sentences, repeating to her husband what Miss Tittle had told her that morning. She ended by bursting into tears.

John Chadwick stood quite still, after her final words were spoken, white as ashes, and seeming completely stupefied by what she had said.

Presently, he turned and left the room, with steady steps. That evening he sat alone at his dinner-table. Before eight o'clock his wife heard the hall-door close, and knew that he had gone out.

Gone to her! she told herself. Gone, perhaps, conscious of his own guilt, and determined never to return! Of course, he had not dared to answer her accusations, knowing well how true they were. She wished that she was dead. Surely, death would be better than the agony of her present feelings!

An hour passed. It was nearly nine o'clock when there sounded a bell-peal at the hall-door. If any company had come, Mrs. Chadwick was resolved not to see them.

A knock sounded, presently, at the door of the bedchamber.

"Come in!" she said, tremulously.

She thought, at first, that the woman who entered was a servant, for she had made her light rather dim, and then, too, her eyes were blurred with much weeping.

But the woman was not a servant. She was neatly dressed, and was attired in bonnet and shawl. Her face, though its expression was careworn and sorrowful, showed both youth

and beauty. It was a face which Mrs. Chadwick never remembered to have seen before.

"I do not know you!" she said, in surprised tones, rising from her seat as the words were spoken.

The woman answered promptly enough, in a low, musical voice:

"I am aware, Mrs. Chadwick, that you do not know me. I am, however, a friend of your husband's, and—"

Mrs. Chadwick's white, trembling lips here framed a rapid, ringing interruption:

"If you are that woman, how dare you come here? I recognise no friends of my husband who are not my friends also!"

"Pardon me!" was the placid response. "I come here at your husband's desire. Last night, one of your acquaintances saw him stand with me on the stoop of a certain house in Thirtieth Street. That acquaintance told you that he was holding my hand; she should have said that I was holding his hand—ay, pressing it, in my great, deep thankfulness! Eleanor Chadwick, I should be no stranger to you—I am the wife of your brother Paul!"

"The wife of my brother Paul!"

"Yes. He married me six months ago in Chicago, and then cruelly deserted me, flying from the law after the commission of forgery. I knew your husband's address, because he had more than once assisted Paul since I first became acquainted with him. In my extremity of helplessness I wrote for aid. Your husband generously sent me the money to pay my passage to New York, and, when I arrived here, procured me comfortable board in the house on whose stoop we were last night seen together. This reason for concealing from you the fact of my presence in the city, was a desire not to annoy you with fresh accounts of Paul's misdeeds."

You have a noble husband, Eleanor Chadwick. Take care how your unjust suspicions may alienate from your love a man of his fine, high-toned nature. Many a woman might envy you the possession of a treasure that you now seem so reckless in discarding."

"Oh, John, John, can you ever forgive me?"

Mrs. Chadwick was crouching at her husband's side, having stolen into the dim-lit library where he was seated.

"She has told you all, Eleanor?" was his faint, quiet answer.

"All, John; and she has opened my eyes to the light esteem in which I have held a noble love like yours! If you will only consent to call those words of mine unsaid—if you will only consent to forget all my past unreasonableness and folly, I—I—"

Here sobs choked the pleading voice, and John Chadwick stooped low above that figure by his side, while some great, heavy tears, as none but strong men weep, fell softly, one by one, on Eleanor's hands and bosom.

"You will begin all over again?" he murmured, finishing his wife's broken sentence.

"So be it, Eleanor, and may God prosper your new resolve!"

TERRIBLE TORPEDO EXPLOSION IN BEEKMAN STREET.

THE series of terrible accidents which have made this Summer notable in the history of casualties is supplemented by the terrific explosion of fireworks in Beekman Street, on the 14th inst.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, a truck containing over twenty large cans of Union torpedoes, in each of which were one hundred smaller boxes, filled with Union torpedoes packed in sawdust, drove up to No. 126 Beekman Street. There arrived, the truckman began unloading his cart, when suddenly a loud noise, similar to the report of a cannon, was heard, and in an instant the air was filled with sawdust, smoke, fragments of the boxes, pieces of the truck, broken glass, etc. A box of these fearful fireworks had fallen from his hands, and a terrific explosion was the result. After the excitement thus caused had died away, it was ascertained that five lives had been sacrificed, and four persons shockingly mangled. Great damage was inflicted upon neighboring buildings, windows were broken to pieces and doors were smashed. The truck-horses were so injured that death will probably result.

The "Union torpedo," as this explosive toy is styled, was dealt in with the greatest secrecy at first, pending the granting of the patent which had been applied for. A person desiring to purchase would be referred from one lager-bier saloon-keeper to another—the class of men who first traded in the article—and it was only with difficulty, and under vows of the strictest secrecy, that it was possible to obtain it at all.

It leaked out at last, however, that a machinist having a place in Delancey Street, near Essex, was the man through whom the business was mainly carried on. This man had constructed a machine which stamped out the small round balls of clay—of which the body of the torpedo is composed—one hundred at a time. A small hole was made in the clay ball, and these were then in condition to send to the factory, now at East New York, in order to have the detonating mixture filled in. This is probably a mixture of nitro-glycerine and a powerful acid. It is poured into the aperture from a tin can with a long spout, the hole is lightly pasted over, and the torpedo is finished with a covering of colored tissue-paper.

Among the discoveries made by the Powell expedition in the Colorado Cañon are several volumes of ancient history in the form of a considerable collection of picture-writing on the rocks. These consist of crude outlines of animals, human figures, and unintelligible characters, cut on a smooth surface of sandstone, and showing indications of great age. In one place was found a portrait of an Indian chief, in a style that would not have done credit to Raphael's brush; pieces of flint were picked up that had been used for cutting the designs. Here, ages ago, ancient people dwelt.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

J. K. EMMET and Author Gayler have made money at Niblo's, with their German drama of "Fritz," and are now luxuriating in Karl the Fiddler.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT is giving a popular Entertainment to crowded houses in Oregon Territory, and the Portland papers speak in the highest terms of his efforts.

MR. CRESWICK has returned from Long Branch, and will appear at Booth's, in conjunction with Miss Cushman, in his great part of *Cardinal Wolsey*, on Monday the 25th.

MR. ANTONY REIFF has started a Musical Conservatory in this city, which should be a permanent success, with so thorough and experienced a musician at the head of it.

LOTTA is fulfilling the last week of her engagement at Booth's with "The Little Detective," and on September 25th, the great Cushman and Creswick series of representations commences at this noble theatre.

AUGUSTIN DALY's new and striking play of "Divorce" is running to full houses at his pretty little theatre, and seems likely to enjoy the prosperous career attendant upon most pieces produced at this fashionable resort.

FOX, the great and only *Humpty Dumpty*, is piling up pyramids of greenbacks, with his gorgeously successful and successfully gorgeous new pantomime, at the Olympic, and the Olympic games make thousands laugh their fill nightly.

THAT admirable artist, and really exceptional fine actor, Mr. Bandmann, has concluded his engagement at the Grand Opera House, and this week Mr. Gus Phillips is making Laughter hold both his sides, with Edwin de Nyse's new play of "Oofy Gooft."

MR. ALBERTO LAWRENCE, the popular and accomplished baritone, has been engaged by Madame Parepa-Rosa for her forthcoming three concerts at Boston, which will thus present an additional attraction, as Mr. Lawrence is a great favorite at the musical "hub."

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA and her Opera Company are in full rehearsal at the Academy, and our *dilettanti* are all on the *qui vive* to renew their musical pleasures of last season. The new tenor, Tom Karl, is described in the Italian papers as a perfect Apollo.

We learn that Mr. Henry C. Watson, of musical and critical fame, is about to issue a volume of his poems. Judging from what we have seen of Mr. Watson's elegant and tender poetry, this volume should be an agreeable addition to our poetic literature.

LYDIA THOMPSON and her companion sylphides are still delighting large audiences at Wallack's with the "Princess of Trebizond"—Her Royal Highness having proved exceedingly attractive, as embodied by the dashing Thompsonetta, and surrounded by such courtiers as Beckett, Willy Edwin, Miss Dubois, Miss Zerbini, etc.

THE "George Dolby" Ballad Concert Troupe commence at Steinway Hall on October 2d. From such artists as Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Messrs. Patey and Cummings, and the famous Santley, the highest musical treat may be anticipated, and we prophesy that this admirable concert party will make a positive sensation in musical circles.

MR. GEORGE BRISTOW has had his opera of "Rip Van Winkle" thoroughly dulcified with the "choicest Italian;" has re-arranged it, musically, and among other matters, has added a grand finale for the fair Nilsson as *Alice*. New York is looking forward, with the greatest interest to its production by the Strakosch operators.

WACHTEL, the great German tenor, has unexpectedly crossed the *high seas*, with his luggage—a chest full of *high Cs*, and embarked on a prosperous and enthusiastic vocal voyage, at the Stadt Theatre, on Monday last, under the conduction and direction of Carl Rosa and A. Neundorff, to the intense delight of thousands of joyous Teutons.

MR. D. W. WALLER is about to emerge from his stage managerial duties into the broad glare of the footlights, and will appear during the Cushman engagement as bluff King Hal, a character for which his *physique*, manner, voice, experience, and actual impetuosity and vigor eminently fit him. Altogether this play, with its Booth mounting, and such artists as Cushman, Creswick and King Hal aforesaid, promises to be a most successful revival.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

AN ex-plainer—A retired carpenter.  
THE upper ten thousand in the metropolis—Attic lodgers.

IF you let a man pull your nose to-day, when will he do it again?—Why next tweak, of course!

DRET for training base-ball players—Bat-ter pudding.

WHY is a rat that bites your wrist like an ear-doctor?—Because it's a *knave* *verist* (an aurist).

BARNTUM now has a cat with rose-colored eyes.—"Primrose."

A BABY who kisses his mother and fights his father, may be said to be partial to his ma and martial to his pa.

WHY is drinking liquor like cultivating the most common of all vegetation?—Because it is a *potatory* business.

WHY are dentists more entitled to confidence than ordinary men?—Because they are such screw-pull-as (scrupulous) fellows.

WOMAN'S rites.—Putting on her chignon, and arranging her curls, buttoning her gaiters, and adjusting her Grecian bend and things.

LAFSUS LINGUE.—Athletic young clergyman (who, with the young men of his parish, had been victorious in a great match the day before), "He-ar Endeth the First Innings!"

TAKE away my first letter, I remain unchanged; take away my second letter, there is no apparent alteration in me; take away all my letters, and I still continue unaltered.—The letter-carrier.

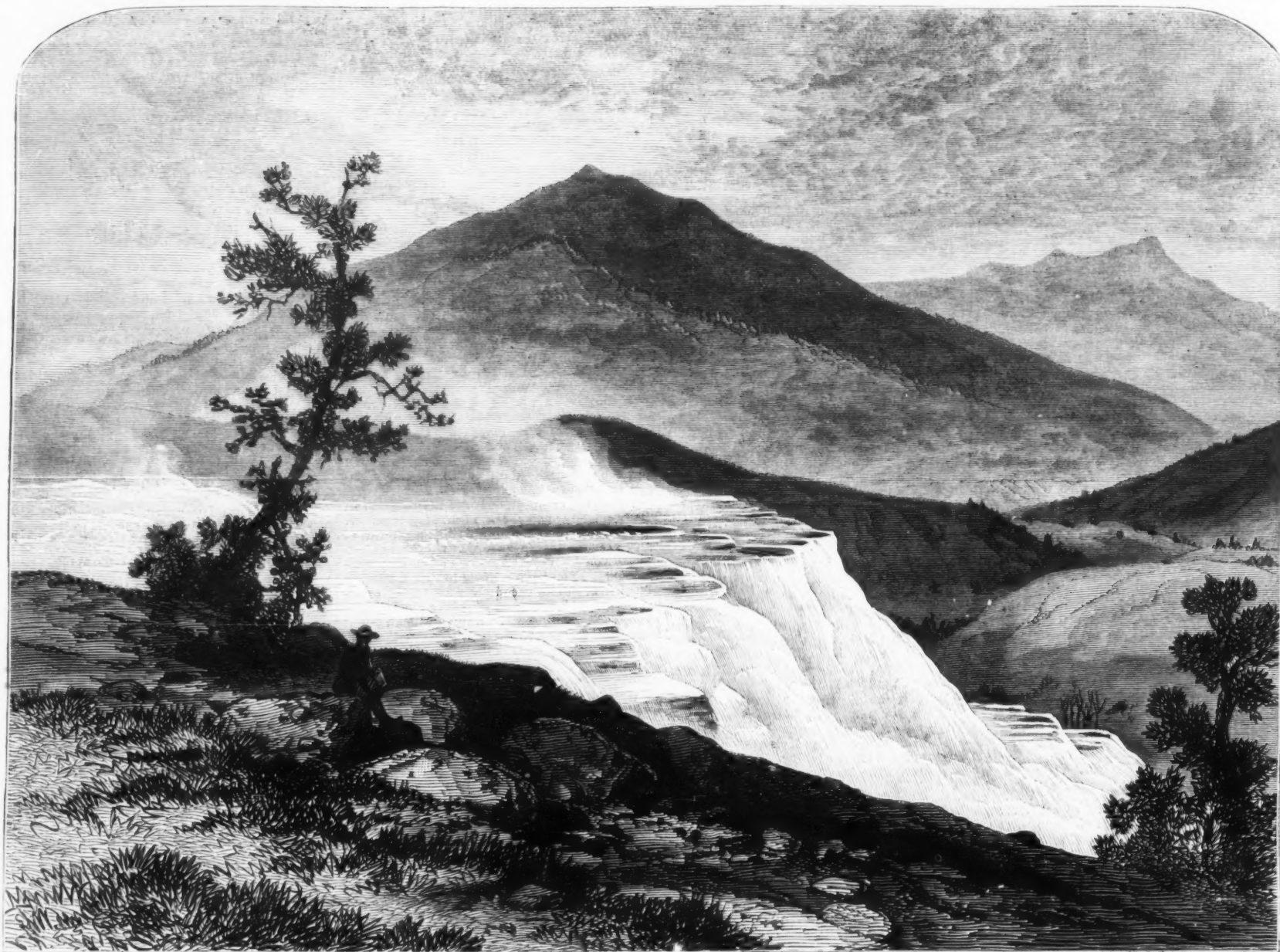
A COLORED preacher, in discoursing to his people on the efficacy of earnest prayer, delivered himself in this manner: "I tell you, brethren, this prayer what gibs de debil de telled-jew!"

WHY are sheep the least moral of the animals?—Because they gambol in their youth, spend much of their time on the turf, many of them are blacklegs, and they all get fleeced at last.

WHEN is a ship recklessly, hopelessly, and ambitiously in love?—Recklessly, when it is attached to a buoy (boy); hopelessly, when it is anchoring after a swell; and ambitiously, when it is making up to a pier (peer).

AN explorer of Africa, on being congratulated at a reception, in Washington, on his safe return from his perilous travels, said: "Oh, it's nothing to get safe through Africa! But what I feel thankful for is, that I didn't get killed on my railroad journey from New York to this city!"





MONTANA TERRITORY.—THE GREAT SODA MOUNTAIN AND JUPITER'S BATHS, IN THE YELLOW-STONE REGION.

## JOHN FOLEY.

MR. JOHN FOLEY, whose name has been prominently before the public of late, is a native of Ireland, and was born October 16th, 1834. When nine years of age he came to this country, and three years later entered St. Joseph's College, Montreal. After a short course of studies he came to New York, determined to make it his home. Like many others of our leading citizens, his early business

and Commissary of Subsistence from the hands of the late Archbishop Hughes, with whom he had been very intimate, that prelate having received the commission from President Lincoln. After a faithful service, he returned to the city, and made his first appearance in the political field by the organization of the Empire Club of the Twenty-first Ward, of which he became President.

In 1865, Mr. Foley was nominated by the President as Collector of Internal Revenue for the Eighth District; but other business engagements prevented the acceptance of the honor. In 1869, when the actions of the old Board of Supervisors were exciting strong political comment, Mr. Foley was nominated by the Democratic Union organization for membership, and guaranteed that, if elected, he would devote himself to the task of either breaking up the Board, or relieving the tax-payers of many burdens.

His opponents determined, however, to prevent his election, but he was returned third in the race, and being unable to take his seat in the Board, he instituted a suit, for the possession of the office, in our Courts. After a long struggle he gained a triumph, but this was no sooner secured than the Board was abolished, and he was deprived of the office that both the people and the Court had awarded him.

Mr. Foley was one of the most earnest workers for the opening of Madison Avenue to Yorkville, than which few projects have been more stubbornly contested,

while his labors in behalf of a quick transit for New York are more generally known. He was foreman of the Westfield horror jury, and the model verdict submitted to the coroner gives abundant evidence of his advanced views and public spirit.

Varied as his life has been, it is owing to his action toward the authorities of the city during

the past few days that he is a subject of general attention.

As plaintiff in the case now pending, he has taken an active part, and it may be safely said that the excitement of New York for the past ten days is due as much to his sense of duty as to any other cause.

## GREAT SODA MOUNTAIN

AND

## JUPITER'S BATHS, IN THE YELLOW-STONE REGION.

This wonderful natural curiosity is thus described by our artist: "On the second day



JOHN FOLEY, ESQ., PLAINTIFF IN THE GREAT INJUNCTION CASE AGAINST THE NEW YORK CITY AUTHORITIES.

engagements were of a decidedly precarious character; yet, by persevering in his chosen field, and uniting all his energies, he gradually broke through the mazes of uncertainty that surrounded his first ventures, until he now occupies an advanced position among the manufacturers of the metropolis.

In 1862 he received an appointment as Cap-



NEW YORK CITY.—THE BROKEN DOOR THROUGH WHICH THE ROBBERY OF VOUCHERS FROM THE COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE WAS EFFECTED.





LOUIS ADOLPH THIERS, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.



PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.—SEE PAGE 39

out from Boettler's Ranch—thirty-three miles—we diverged from the rocky trail on the Yellowstone, and after passing a short way up a creek called 'Gardiner's River,' we were led by an old mountaineer up quite a steep mountain.

Near its summit an immense boiling spring spouts out, by a number of mouths and pools, the water of which, as it flows, precipitates its soda, sulphur and carbonate of lime into a succession of beautiful terraces and natural bath-tubs, and like the coral insect, builds perpetually upon itself, until we have before us a hill of snowy soda and carbonate of lime, which is from 300 to 500 feet in height and covers at least 50 acres. The water is of a deep cerulean blue, and the temperature averages 160 degrees. The process of precipitation is very rapid, and one can fairly see it deposited in beautiful strands, crystals and geodes. The elevation is a little more than 6,000 feet above the sea. No more beautiful contrast in the world of light and color can be found for the artist than in this spot, which is surrounded by dark, rugged mountains, and shades of yellow, white, amber, pink and russet on the spring-hill itself. This was not seen by the exploring party of last season in charge of Colonels Doane and Washburne. They kept it on their right as they went up, and did not hear even of this the most wonderful and extensive institution of its kind that, perhaps, the world can afford.

#### ROBBERY

OF THE  
VOUCHERS IN THE  
COMPTROLLER'S  
OFFICE.

In the midst of the popular excitement attending the injunction suit against the city authorities, and on the very morning that the motion upon the injunction was to be argued before Judge Barnard, it was discovered that the Comptroller's office had been burglariously entered during the previous night, and a large quantity of important vouchers ab-

stracted. Immediately upon the discovery of the fact, Mayor Hall wrote a letter to Comptroller Connolly, requesting his resignation, to which the latter replied in a long letter, courteously declining the invitation, and disclaiming all personal responsibility for the robbery. The extent and character of the missing documents have been variously stated, but no

correct details have as yet appeared. Our sketch is an accurate representation of the door and breach in the glass-panel through which the entrance was effected. It also represents the thief in the act of egress, with the stolen papers under his arm. It must not, however, be supposed, because our artist has delineated the figure of the criminal, that we

are possessed of any more accurate information as to his identity than the public at large.

#### LOUIS ADOLPH THIERS.

To FEW men have been granted careers more eventful than that of the President of the French Republic, nor in any national drama has one person appeared in so many different characters. First, the struggle from obscurity into notice; then a Parliamentary career unattached; then Minister of Louis Philippe; then in disgrace; then back again in office; and then, after the fall of the July Monarchy and the advent of the Second Empire, a prominent member of the Opposition—few, but undismayed; next scouring Europe to find help for his countrymen, unable to help themselves out of the difficulties they and their rulers had provoked; and, finally, after failing in that mission, called, almost unanimously, to take the chief part in remedying the evils he had been unable to avert.

Such, in a sentence, is the history of his life to the present time, except the mention of his literary labors, which are before the world in many interesting volumes.

M. Thiers is now in the seventy-fifth year of his age, having been born at Marseilles, April 16th, 1797. His father, a working locksmith, urged him in early life to study geometry, with a view to a military profession; but of this he soon tired, and with the advice of friends, who recognized in him the qualities by which men rise to positions of eminence and usefulness, he devoted himself to the law, and studied under the direction of M. Arnaud, at Aix. Not meeting with the success anticipated, in his practice, he started for Paris, and was soon after introduced in the first literary circles. His cutting sarcasm and boldness gave him in time great prominence, and the doors of vari-



NEW YORK CITY.—TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF A LOAD OF TORPEDOES IN BEEKMAN STREET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SILVER & WATERMAN.  
SEE PAGE 43.



ous political offices were thrown open to him. His great work on the "Consulate and the Empire" is one of the strongest political and historical papers ever published. During the late war he was considered the staunchest adherent to the cause of the Orleans family.

#### ANOTHER ROUTE TO THE EAST.

The rapidity with which the Louisville, New Albany, and St. Louis Railroad is being pushed toward completion is not the least significant of the movements now being made in the interest of St. Louis commerce. The line is important, less in its connections at Louisville with roads extending South than as forming, in connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, a new rail route to the Atlantic seaboard, independent of, and competing with, the three great roads operated in the interest of New York. We have heretofore expressed the belief that miles are by no means the controlling feature in the establishment of rail rates, and still adhere to that opinion, despite the fact that at present the greater distance is urged as a reason for maintaining a higher tariff from this point to New York than is charged from Chicago. It is true there has been some competition opened against this policy by the Baltimore and Ohio Road through the recent extension of its line to this city, but like the barge line competition on the river, it is only carried to a point sufficient to secure freights—not far enough to be of considerable benefit either to shippers or to the trade of St. Louis or Baltimore. St. Louis is as near the Atlantic seaboard as Chicago, and with competition between two short lines would secure as low a freight rate, even to New York, as the roads leading to the latter city, though carrying their freight through Chicago, would be compelled to measure competition against miles in adjusting their tariffs. Beyond this, another advantage is to accrue to St. Louis from the completion of the eastern link of this new road. It will enable our shippers to move fairly compete with the lake and rail route from Chicago. St. Louis has a sharp advantage in distance and as to time in which shipments can be made, if the Ohio River can be utilized. At present there is no inducement offered by either the Pennsylvania Central or Baltimore and Ohio Road to secure a barge line on the Ohio, and the carrying of grain and flour by water to Parkersburg and Pittsburg (although the first-named road solicits shipments from Lake Erie), for the simple reason that each road controls or owns western roads, and together, are certain of all the east-bound traffic from this city which would pass over their roads, and of all that may originate on or pass over the Ohio River, because there is no competing line to withdraw it from their control. With another road commencing upon the Ohio River, competition will give control of the traffic to that road which can carry the cheapest, and, as is the case at Chicago, the cheaper cost at which freights can be moved the larger part of the distance by water will materially modify the all-rail-rates; and with lines of barges discharging grain into the elevators at Parkersburg, Pittsburg, and some other points on the Ohio, St. Louis shippers will be on a parity with Chicago shippers, who can avail themselves of water transportation to Erie, Buffalo or Oswego.

Of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad our Eastern exchanges state that the western division of the road from the Ohio River to the Kanawha Falls, ninety-five miles, will be completed in October, and the work on the remainder of the road is so far advanced that there is no reason to doubt that the whole will be completed during the Summer of 1872. This road is destined to become one of the most important and immediately profitable trunk lines in the United States, constituting, as it will, a new through route between the West and the seaboard, opening new and extensive coal and iron fields, and developing a most important section of country to contribute to its way-traffic.—*St. Louis Republican.*

#### THE WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS.

Few articles have attained so great a success within so short a time as has attended the introduction into the market of the Woven Wire Mattress, manufactured at Hartford, Conn.—a success now so assured that every furniture dealer in the country either keeps it on hand or has facilities for supplying it. Although not in operation more than two years, it has been hailed by the unanimous voice of the Press as the greatest revolution in beds which modern invention has yet produced, and the demand has become so great that the Company are obliged, almost monthly, to make additions to their manufacturing capacity. A reference to our advertising columns will afford an explanation of the ingenious process of inter-weaving, by which the bed is manufactured, and which has frequently been described before in various newspapers. It is the only spring-bed which will last a life-time. So perfect is the elasticity obtained by the coiling of the wires, that we have ourselves seen the mattress subjected to the strain of a thousand pounds, dead weight—not evenly distributed over the surface of the mattress, but plumped in a heap in its centre, and allowed to remain there a week. On its removal the wire regained very nearly its original elasticity. We say, unhesitatingly, that this is the only spring-bed that would bear so great a strain without an instant collapse. Let all our readers who value health, comfort and cleanliness, write to the Company, and rest assured that the small additional cost of this over other spring-beds is many times made up by the greater luxury afforded by its use, and its superior durability.

**Messrs. H. O'Neill & Co.,** 327 and 329 Sixth Avenue, Importers of Millinery Goods, have now on exhibition, to the ladies of New York and vicinity, the choicest importations for the Autumnal Fashions. A more beautiful display of Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, we do not recollect to have seen. The tints of these articles are as varied and beautiful as the foliage hues of an American Autumnal forest, and of the most exquisite manufacture. Lace goods in great variety, Velvetings in all shades, Felt and other Hats of the most novel shapes and colors, Kid Gloves in every size and tint—all contribute their harmonizing quota to make the Establishment of Messrs. O'Neill replete and satisfying for the exacting requirements of Dame Fashion.

**SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.**—We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price List, and mention FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. **HOWARD & CO.,** No. 865 Broadway, New York. The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready.

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**Hagan's Magnolia Balm** makes a lady of 25 look as if she were but 18. It removes Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sallowness, etc., and in a few weeks changes the rustic face into one of culture and refinement. Then dress your hair with Lyon's Kathairon, and the two attractions—the complexion and the hair—are perfect.

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**SECURITY BANK, New York, July 24, 1871.** I have examined MOODY'S EUREKA STAMP, and pronounce it an effectual and simple method to prevent the alteration of checks, notes, drafts, etc., and recommend its use. (Signed), J. C. ORVIS, President. J. G. MOODY, 111 Broadway, P. O. Box 6,028, N. Y. 83-35

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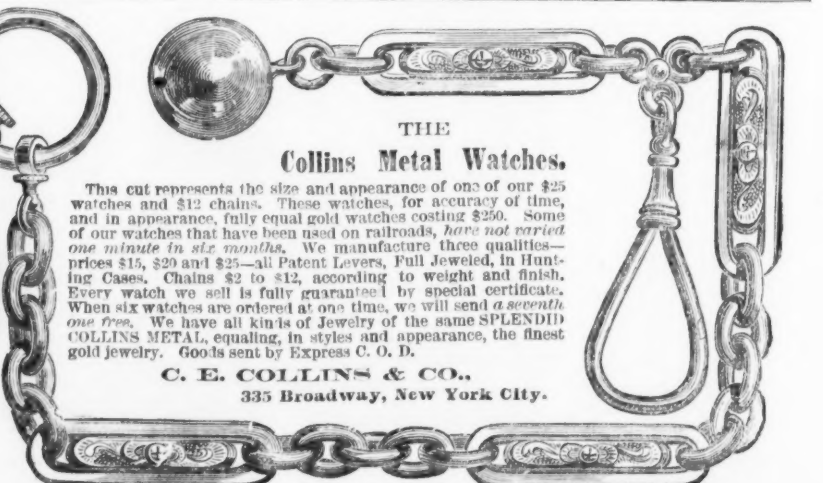
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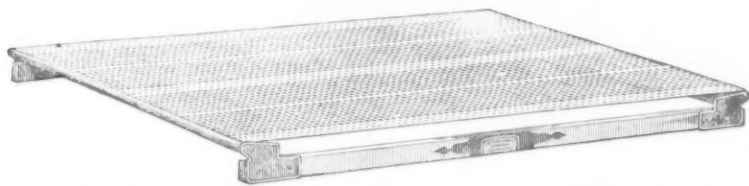
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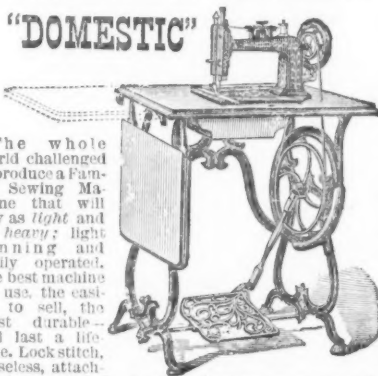
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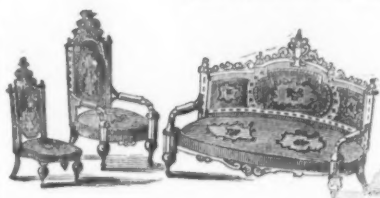
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We also recommend the Bonds of the WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY, now consolidated with the CENTRAL PACIFIC. These are all Coupon Bonds of \$1,000 each, interest Six per cent., January and July; principal and interest payable in New York City, in United States gold coin. The total amount of the loan is \$2,735,000; all sold by the Company. Market price, now about 95. The payment of these Bonds by the terms of the consolidation has been assumed, principal and interest, by the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

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